THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

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VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer ———

HOR.

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THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combate.

The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves, that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light,)

Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
Their sov'reign's sorrows in their own exprest.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said.
Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

℣. 13. *Behold what arms*, etc.] It is not poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the second of Maccabees, chap. 16. Judas sees in a dream the prophet Jeremiah bringing to him a sword as from God: though this was only a dream, or a vision, yet still it is the same idea. This example is likewise so much the more worthy of observation, as it is much later than the age of Homer; and as thereby it is seen, that the same way of thinking continued a long time amongst the oriental nations. Dacier.

Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battel let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my ſlaughter'd friend!
In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?

℣. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?*] The care which Achilles takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of Patroclus, ſeems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by Homer, and by all the Greeks of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceaſed to watch his corps, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funerals. It is plain this devoir was thought an indiſpenſable one, ſince Achilles could not diſcharge himſelf of it but by impoſing it upon his mother. It is alſo clear, that in thoſe times the preſervation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, ſince the Goddeſſes themſelves, nay the moſt delicate of the Goddeſſes, made it the ſubject of their utmoſt attention. As Thetis preſerves the body of Patroclus, and chaſes from it thoſe inſects that breed in the wounds and cauſe putrefaction, ſo Venus is employed day and night about that of Hector, in driving away the dogs to which Achilles had expoſed it. Apollo, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preſerves its freſhneſs amidſt the greateſt heats of the ſun: and this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this paſſage in Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the epic poem, lib. 3. c. 10. "To ſpeak (ſays this author) of the arts and ſciences "as a poet ought, we ſhould veil them under names "and actions of perſons, fictitious, and allegorical.

That unavailing care be laid aſide,
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd ſhall remain
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.
But go, Achilles, (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundleſs war engage,
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!
Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambroſia ſhower'd
O'er all the corſe. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.
Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went:
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,

"Homer will not plainly ſay that ſalt has the virtue to preſerve dead bodies, and prevent the flies from engendering worms in them; he will not ſay, that the ſea preſented Achilles a remedy to preſerve Patroclus from putrefaction; but he will make the ſea a Goddeſs, and tell us, that Thetis to comfort Achilles, engaged to perfume the body with an ambroſia which ſhould keep it a whole year from corruption: it is thus Homer teaches the poets to ſpeak of arts and ſciences. This example ſhews the nature of the things, that flies cauſe putrefaction, that ſalt preſerves bodies from it; but all this is told us poetically, the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who ſpeaks and acts, and this proſopopœia is accompanied with paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection; in a word, there is nothing which is not (according to Ariſtotle's precept) endued with manners."

Alarm'd, tranſported, at the well known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;
Studious to ſee that terror of the plain,
Long loſt to battel, ſhine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulyſſes firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun.

O monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!

℣. 61. *Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,*
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart.] Achilles wiſhes Briſeis had died before ſhe had occaſioned ſo great calamities to his countrymen: I will not ſay, to excuſe him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wiſh is not ſo very barbarous as it may ſeem by the phraſe to a modern reader. It is not, that Diana had actually killed her, as by a particular ſtroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this paſſage in Odyſſ. 15.

When age and ſickneſs have unnerv'd the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along,
They bend the ſilver bows for ſudden ill,
And every ſhining arrow flies to kill.

Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd, bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight,
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem, their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun.
Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,

And he does not wiſh her death now, after ſhe had been his miſtreſs, but only that ſhe had died, before he knew, or loved her.

With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I, againſt the will of heav'n?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Ate driv'n;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.

℣. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.*] This ſpeech of Agamemnon, conſiſting of little elſe than the long ſtory of Jupiter's caſting Diſcord out of heaven, ſeems odd enough at firſt ſight; and does not indeed anſwer what I believe every reader expects, at the conference of theſe two princes. Without excuſing it from the juſtneſs and proper application of the allegory in the preſent caſe, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of Agamemnon, which is a mixture of haughtineſs and cunning; he cannot prevail with himſelf any way to leſſen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: ſomething he is obliged to ſay in public, and not brooking directly to own himſelf in the wrong, he ſlurs it over with this tale. With what ſtatelineſs is it that he yields! "I was miſled, "(ſays he) but I was miſled like Jupiter. We inveſt you "with our powers, take our troops and our treaſures: our "royal promiſe ſhall be fulfilled, but be you pacified."

℣. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt*
The race of mortals———]

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a Dæmon, created by God himſelf, and totally taken up in doing miſchief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the Pagans knew that a dæmon of diſcord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy hiſtory. St. Juſtin will have it, that Homer attained to the knowlege thereof in Ægypt, and that he had even read

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art;
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son;
To gods and goddesses th' unruly joy
He show'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The thund'rer unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddess, from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;

what Isaiah writes, chap. 14. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have seen the prophecy of Isaiah, because he lived 100, or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this passage the more observable. Homer therein bears authentic witness to the truth of the story, of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this testimony above 100 years before one of the greatest prophets spoke of it. Dacier.

Scarce fev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus his wife;
She pufh'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ftay,
And ftop the babe, juft iffuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
" A youth (faid fhe) of Jove's immortal kind
" Is this day born: from Sthenelus he fprings,
" And claims thy promife to be king of kings.
Grief feiz'd the thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the foul, he forrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambrofial head, where perch'd fhe fate,
He fnatch'd the fury-Goddefs of Debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he fwore,
Th' immortal feats fhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright Olympus and the ftarry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft' the God his fon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in fecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himfelf, was I mifled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treafures are thy own:
This inftant from the navy fhall be fent
Whate'er Ulyffes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Refume thy arms, and fhine again in war.

O king of nations! whose superior sway
(Returns Achilles) all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry Greek, who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation, what I act, survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.

The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise.
Tho' godlike thou art by no toils opprest,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combate be,
When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food;

℣. 145. *To keep or send the presents be thy care.*] Achilles neither refuses nor demands Agamemnon's presents: the first would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too selfish. It would seem as if Achilles fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and dishonourable to that character: Homer is wonderful as to the manners. Spond. Dacier.

℣. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from spirits,* etc.] This advice of Ulysses, that the troops should refresh themselves with eating and drinking, was extremely necessary after a battel of so long continuance as that of the day before: and Achilles's desire that they should charge the enemy immediately,

What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero thro' a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength,
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The dropping body will deſert the mind:
But built a-new with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band;
But let the preſents to Achilles made,
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.

immediately, without any reflection on the neceſſity of that refreſhment, was alſo highly natural to his violent character. This forces Ulyſſes to repeat that advice, and inſiſt upon it ſo much: which thoſe critics did not ſee into, who through a falſe delicacy are ſhocked at his inſiſting ſo warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common reader who is more fond of heroic and romantic, than of juſt and natural images, this at firſt ſight may have an air of ridicule; but I'll venture to ſay there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itſelf, nor mean and low in Homer's manner of expreſſing it: and I believe the ſame of this tranſlation, though I have not ſoftened or abated of the idea they are ſo offended with.

Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.

To him the monarch. Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heav'n regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay;
'Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon' bright orb of day.

For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,

℣. 197. *The ſtern Æacides replies.*] The Greek verſe is,

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the Iliad. It is a very juſt remark of a French critic, that what makes it ſo much taken notice of, is the rumbling ſound and length of the word ἀπαμειβόμενος: this is ſo true, that if in a poem or romance of the ſame length as the Iliad, we ſhould repeat *The hero anſwered*, full as often, we ſhould never be ſenſible of that repetition. And if we are not ſhocked at the like frequency of thoſe ex-

When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.

preſſions in the *Æneid*, *ſic ore refert*, *talia voce refert*, *talia dicta dabat*, *vix ea fatus erat*, etc. it is only becauſe the ſound of the Latin words does not fill the ear like that of the Greek ἀπαμειβόμενος."

"The diſcourſe of the ſame critic upon theſe ſort of repetitions in general, deſerves to be tranſcribed. That uſeleſs nicety (ſays he) of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the firſt ages of antiquity: the books of Moſes abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent uſe in the moſt ancient of all the poets, we ſhould look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: they ſpoke ſo in his time, and to have ſpoken otherwiſe had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itſelf ſo contrary to the true ſublime, as that painful and frivolous exactneſs, with which we avoid to make uſe of a proper word becauſe it was uſed before. It is certain that the Romans were leſs ſcrupulous as to this point: you have often in a ſingle page of Tully, the ſame word five or ſix times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author who ſo little wanted variety of expreſſions as Homer, could be ſo very negligent herein. On the contrary, he ſeems to have affected to repeat the ſame things in the ſame words, on many occaſions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among ſeveral people, and in ſeveral ages, two practices intirely different took their riſe. Moſes, Homer, and the writers of the firſt times, had found that repetitions of the ſame words recalled the ideas of things, imprinted them much more ſtrongly, and rendered the diſcourſe more intelligible. Upon this principle, the cuſtom of repeating words, phraſes, and even intire ſpeeches, inſenſibly eſtabliſhed itſelf both in proſe and poetry, eſpecially in narrations.

By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:

The writers who ſucceeded them obſerved, even from Homer himſelf, that the greateſt beauty of ſtyle conſiſted in variety. This they made their principle: they therefore avoided repetitions of words, and ſtill more of whole ſentences; they endeavoured to vary their tranſitions; and found out new turns and manners of expreſſing the ſame things.

Either of theſe practices is good, but the exceſs of either vicious: we ſhould neither on the one hand, through a love of ſimplicity and clearneſs, continually repeat the ſame words, phraſes, or diſcourſes; nor on the other, for the pleaſure of variety, fall into a childiſh affectation of expreſſing every thing twenty different ways, though it be never ſo natural and common.

Nothing ſo much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary inceſſantly even in the ſmalleſt circumſtances. In this, as in many other points, Homer has deſpiſed the ungrateful labour of too ſcrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great painter, who does not think himſelf obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them ſhall have the leaſt reſemblance to another: if the principal figures are intirely different, we eaſily excuſe a reſemblance in the landſcapes, the ſkies, or the draperies. Suppoſe a gallery full of pictures, each of which repreſents a particular ſubject: in one I ſee Achilles in fury, menacing Agamemnon; in another the ſame hero with regret delivers up Briſeis to the heralds; in a third it is ſtill Achilles, but Achilles overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the geſture, the countenance, the character of Achilles, are the ſame in each of theſe three pieces: if the ground of one of theſe be the ſame with that of the others in the compoſition and general deſign, whether it be landſcape or architecture; then indeed one ſhould have reaſon to

Thou call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant ſhou'd commence the fight.
Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
'Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.

blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no ſameneſs but in the folds of a few draperies, in the ſtructure of ſome part of a building, or in the figure of ſome tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: Homer repeats, but they are not the great ſtrokes which he repeats, not thoſe which ſtrike and fix our attention: they are only the little parts, the tranſitions, the general circumſtances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but caſts his eye careleſly: ſuch as the deſcriptions of ſacrifices, repaſts, or embarquements: ſuch in ſhort, as are in their own nature much the ſame, which it is ſufficient juſt to ſhew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments.

℣. 209. *Pale lies my friend*, etc.] It is in the Greek, *lies extended in my tent with his face turning towards the door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τετραμμένος, that is to ſay, as the ſcholiaſt has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door*. For it was thus the Greeks placed their dead in the porches of their houſes, as likewiſe in Italy.

In portam rigidos calces extendit. Perſius.

——*Receptique ad limina greſſum*
Corpus ubi exanimi poſitum Pallantis Acetes
Servabat ſenior——

Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.
  O first of Greeks (Ulysses thus rejoin'd)
The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.

Thus we are told by Suetonius, of the body of Augustus ——*Equester ordo suscepit, urbique intulit, atque in vestibulo domus collocavit.*

℣. 221. *Tho' vast the heaps*, etc.] Ulysses's expression in the original is very remarkable; he calls καλάμην, *strow or chaff*, such as are killed in the battel; and he calls ἄμητον, the *crop*, such as make their escape. This is very conformable to the language of holy scripture, wherein those who perish are called *chaff*, and those who are saved are called *corn*. Dacier.

One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battel glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battel let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
  And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creiontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;

℣. 237. ——— *None ſhall dare*
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war.]
This is very artful; Ulyſſes, to prevail upon Achilles to let the troops take repaſt, and yet in ſome ſort to ſecond his impatience, gives with the ſame breath orders for battel, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repaſt, it looks as if they do not loſe a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in array of battel. Dacier.

A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeis, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore;
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlace ſheath'd beſide his ſword:
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The ſolemn words, a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſate thrill'd with ſacred awe.
  Witneſs thou firſt! thou greateſt pow'r above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying Jove!
And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, heav'n all its vengeance ſhed,
And levell'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
  With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground,

The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foming main.
  Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
  The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Thoſe in the tents the ſquires induſtrious ſpread:
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led.
To their new ſeats the female captives move;
Briſeis, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey
Where gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.

ℽ. 280. *Rolls the victim into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the fleſh of the victims ſacrificed in confirmation of oaths; ſuch were victims of malediction. Euſtathius.

ℽ. 281. *Hear, ye Greeks*, etc.] Achilles, to let them ſee that he is intirely appeaſed, juſtifies Agamemnon himſelf, and enters into the reaſons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that juſtification he perfectly well preſerves his character, and illuſtrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. Dacier.

Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears, ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries.

Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!
The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battel bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love,

ỹ. 303. *etc. The lamentation of Briſeis over Patroclus.*] This ſpeech (ſays Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus) is not without its artifice: while Briſeis ſeems only to be deploring Patroclus, ſhe repreſents to Achilles who ſtands by, the breach of the promiſes he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in reſigning her up to Agamemnon. He adds, that Achilles hereupon acknowleges the juſtice of her complaint, and makes anſwer that his promiſes ſhould be performed: it was a ſlip in that great critic's memory, for the verſe he cites is not in this part of the author, [περὶ ἐσχηματισμένων, Part 2.]

ỹ. 315. *Achilles' care you promis'd, etc.*] In theſe days when our manners are ſo different from thoſe of

That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me empress in his native land.
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!
  Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on every side;
Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd.
  If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

the ancients, and we see none of those dismal catastrophes which laid whole kingdoms waste, and subjected princesses and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps seem astonishing, that a princess of Briseis's birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and husband were killed by Achilles, should suffer herself to be comforted, and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the spouse of the murderer. But such were the manners of those times, as ancient history testifies: and a poet represents them as they were; but if there was a necessity for justifying them, it might be said that slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a princess like Briseis was pardonable, to chuse rather to become Achilles's wife than his slave. Dacier.

ỳ. 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.*] Homer adds this touch to heighten the character of Briseis, and to shew the difference there was between her and the other captives. Briseis, as a well-born princess, really bewailed Patroclus out of gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of interest. Dacier.

He ſpoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,
Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.

Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtay'd Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
But now alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives, (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war)
I cou'd not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.

℣. 335. *Thou too, Patroclus!* etc.] This lamentation is finely introduced: while the generals are perſuading him to take ſome refreſhment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of Patroclus, who had ſo often brought him food every morning before they went to battel: this is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the ſubject of his diſcourſe from the things that preſent themſelves. Spondanus.

I hop'd

I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From Scyros iſle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my ſad fate invades
His haſtening ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
  Sighing he ſaid: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each ſtole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the ſire of heav'n ſurvey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.
  Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And doſt thou thus deſert the great in war?
Lo, where yon' ſails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
Haſte and infuſe ambroſia in his breaſt.
  He ſpoke, and ſudden as the word of Jove,
Shot the deſcending goddeſs from above.

℣. 351. *I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive*, etc.] Patroclus was young, and Achilles who had but a ſhort time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his ſon, and put him into the poſſeſſion of his kingdom: Neoptolemus would in Patroclus find Peleus and Achilles; whereas when Patroclus was dead, he muſt be an orphan indeed. Homer is particularly admirable for the ſentiments, and always follows nature. Dacier.

So ſwift thro' æther the ſhrill Harpye ſprings,
The wide air floating to her ample wings,
To great Achilles ſhe her flight addreſt,
And pour'd divine ambroſia in his breaſt,
With nectar ſweet, (refection of the Gods!)
Then, ſwift aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.
Now iſſued from the ſhips the warrior train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blaſts of Boreas blow,
And ſcatter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;
From duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whoſe dazling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:
So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glitt'ring breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the center as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.

℣. 384. *So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.*]

It is probable the reader may think the words, *ſhining, ſplendid*, and others derived from the luſtre of arms, too frequent in theſe books. My author is to anſwer for it; but it may be alleged in his excuſe, that when it was the cuſtom for every ſoldier to ſerve in armour, and when thoſe arms were of braſs before the uſe of iron became common, theſe images of luſtre were leſs avoidable, and more neceſſarily frequent in deſcriptions of this nature.

Full in the midſt, high tow'ring o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;
Arms which the father of the fire beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.

The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thigh infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen ſword a various baldric ty'd,
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his ſide;
And like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night wand'ring ſailors, pale with fears'
Wide o'er the wat'ry waſte, a light appears,
Which on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tow'r to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.

ỳ. 390. *Achilles arming himſelf*, etc.] There is a wonderful pomp in this deſcription of Achilles's arming himſelf; every reader without being pointed to it, will ſee the extreme grandeur of all theſe images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble ſcale they riſe one above another, and how the hero is ſet ſtill in a ſtronger point of light than before; till he is at laſt in a manner covered over with glories: he is at firſt likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and laſtly to the ſun itſelf.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence and war;
So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.

The chief beholds himſelf with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields:

Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers, and the radiant car,
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide)
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The iv'ry-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day.

High o'er the hoſt, all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands.
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' ſtrain,
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heav'nly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:
Thro' falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaught'ring ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head,
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane,
When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.

℣. 450. *When ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.*] It is remarked, in excuſe of this extravagant fiction of a horſe ſpeaking, that Homer was authorized herein by fable, tradition, and hiſtory. Livy makes mention of two oxen that ſpoke on different occaſions, and recites the ſpeech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi.* Pliny tells us, theſe animals were particularly gifted this way, l. 8. c. 45. *Eſt frequens in prodigiis priſcorum, bovem locutum.* Beſides Homer had prepared us for expecting ſomething miraculous from theſe horſes of Achilles, by repreſenting them to be immortal. We have ſeen them already ſenſible, and weeping at the death of Patroclus: and we muſt add to all this, that a goddeſs is concerned in working this wonder: it is Juno that does it. Oppian alludes to this in a beautiful paſſage of his firſt book: not having the original by me, I ſhall quote (what I believe is no leſs beautiful) Mr. Fenton's tranſlation of it.

Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety thro' the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not thro' our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day,
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,

Of all the prone creation, none diſplay
A friendlier ſenſe of man's ſuperior ſway:
Some in the ſilent pomp of grief complain,
For the brave chief, by doom of battel ſlain:
And when young Peleus in his rapid car
Ruſh'd on, to rouze the thunder of the war,
With human voice inſpir'd, his ſteed deplor'd
The fate impending dreadful o'er his Lord.

Cyneg. lib. I.

Spondanus and Dacier fail not to bring up Balaam's aſs on this occaſion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to diſcharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile ſuch fictions to probability. Would not one general anſwer do better, to ſay once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the *age of wonders*: The taſte of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the poets, but the prieſts, gave them.

All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.
  Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fate-ful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd
With unabated rage——So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.
I know my fates: to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore——
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh Troy! he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

℣. 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the furies ty'd,*
His fate-ful voice——
The poet had offended againſt probability if he had made Juno take away the voice; for Juno (which ſignifies the air) is the cauſe of the voice. Beſides, the poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing ſo diſmal and melancholy, that none but the Furies can take upon them ſo cruel an employment. Euſtathius.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battel of the Gods, and the acts of Achilles.

JUPITER upon Achilles's return to the battel, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrors of the combate deſcribed, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with a great ſlaughter.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:

ỳ. 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command, etc.*] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he

Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

other reason he draws from the allegory of Oceanus, introduces him with the utmost pomp and grandeur: the gods are assembled only upon this account, and Jupiter permits several deities to join with the Trojans, and hinder Achilles from over-ruling destiny itself.

The circumstance of sending Themis to assemble the gods is very beautiful; she is the goddess of justice; the Trojans by the rape of Helen, and by repeated perjuries having broken her laws, she is the properest messenger to summon a synod to bring them to punishment. Eustathius.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. Themis or Justice (says he) is made to assemble the gods round Jupiter, because it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and Jupiter sends them to the relief of both parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his permission, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them.

℣. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] Eustathius gives two reasons why Oceanus was absent from this assembly: the one is because he is fabled to be the original of all the gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to see the deities, who were all his descendants, war upon one another by joining adverse parties: the other

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) ſate the pow'rs around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the ſire of men and Gods.

What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hoſts appear,
And death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling Pow'r replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend

* Neptune.

which ſignifies the element of water, and conſequently the whole element could not aſcend into the Æther; but whereas Neptune, the rivers, and the fountains are ſaid to have been preſent, this is no way impoſſible, if we conſider it in an allegorical ſenſe, which implies, that the rivers, ſeas, and fountains ſupply the air with vapours, and by that means aſcend into the Æther.

℣. 35. ——*Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,*
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt——]

Euſtathius informs us, that the ancients were very much

To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.

divided upon this paſſage of Homer. Some have criticiz-ed it, and others have anſwered their criticiſm; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without tranſmitting the anſwer to us. Thoſe who condemned Homer, ſaid Jupiter was for the Trojans; he ſaw the Greeks were the ſtrongeſt, ſo permitted the gods to declare themſelves, and go to the battel. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point; for the gods who favour the Greeks being ſtronger than thoſe who favour the Trojans, the Greeks will ſtill have the ſame advantage. I do not know what anſwer the partiſans of Homer made, but for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than ſolid. Jupiter does not pretend that the Trojans ſhould be ſtronger than the Greeks, he has only a mind that the decree of Deſtiny ſhould be executed. Deſtiny had refuſed to Achilles the glory of taking Troy, but if Achilles fights ſingly againſt the Trojans, he is capable of forcing Deſtiny; (as Homer has already elſewhere ſaid, that there had been brave men who had done ſo.) Whereas if the gods took part, though thoſe who followed the Grecians were ſtronger than thoſe who were for the Trojans, the latter would however be ſtrong enough to ſupport deſtiny, and to hinder Achilles from making himſelf maſter of Troy: this was Jupiter's ſole view. Thus is this paſſage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for Achilles. Dacier.

℣. 41. ——*Or Ilion's ſacred wall*
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.]
Monſ. de la Motte criticizes on this paſſage, as thinking

He ſaid, and fir'd their heav'nly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the maid in arms renown'd;

it abſurd and contradictory to Homer's own ſyſtem, to imagine, that what fate had ordained ſhould not come to paſs. Jupiter here ſeems to fear that Troy will be taken this very day in ſpite of deſtiny, ὑπὲρ μόρον. M. Boivin anſwers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient Pagan theology, and their doctrine concerning fate. It is certain, according to Homer and Virgil, that what deſtiny had decreed did not conſtantly happen in the preciſe time marked by deſtiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be haſtened: for example, that of the death of Dido was advanced by the blow ſhe gave herſelf; her hour was not then come.

———Nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed miſera ante diem———

Every violent death was accounted ὑπὲρ μόρον, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the ſame thing) againſt the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the Romans expreſſed it. And the ſame might be ſaid of any misfortunes which men drew upon themſelves by their own ill conduct. (See the note on ℣. 560. lib. 16.) In a word, it muſt be allowed that it was not eaſy, in the Pagan religion, to form the juſteſt ideas upon a doctrine ſo difficult to be cleared; and upon which it is no great wonder if a poet ſhould not always be perfectly conſiſtent with himſelf, when it has puzzled ſuch a number of divines and philoſophers.

℣. 44. *On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.*
Heav'n's awful queen, etc.]

Euſtathius has a very curious remark upon this diviſion of the gods in Homer, which M. Dacier has en-

Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire,
And Vulcan, the black ſov'reign of the fire:
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,

tirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowleged leſs, than ſhe has every where done from Euſtathius.) This diviſion, ſays he, is not made at random, but founded upon very ſolid reaſons, drawn from the nature of thoſe two nations. He places on the ſide of the Greeks all the gods who preſide over arts and ſciences, to ſignify how much in that reſpect the Greeks excelled all other nations. Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury and Vulcan are for the Greeks; Juno, not only as the goddeſs who preſides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewiſe as the goddeſs who repreſents monarchial government, which was better eſtabliſhed in Greece than any where elſe; Pallas, becauſe being the goddeſs of war and wiſdom, ſhe ought to aſſiſt thoſe who are wronged; beſides the Greeks underſtood the art of war better than the Barbarians; Neptune, becauſe he was an enemy to the Trojans upon account of Laomedon's perfidiouſneſs, and becauſe moſt of the Greeks being come from iſlands or peninſulas, they were in ſome ſort his ſubjects; Mercury, becauſe he is a God who preſides over ſtratagems of war, and becauſe Troy was taken by that of the wooden horſe; and laſtly Vulcan, as the declared enemy of Mars and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts.

ỳ. 52. *Mars, fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame.*] The reaſons why Mars and Venus engage for the Trojans, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour raviſhers and debauchees. But the ſame reaſon, you

Xanthus whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles, (terror of the plain)
Long loſt to battel, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of war.

But when the pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores Minerva calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion's topmoſt tow'rs,
Now ſhouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.

will ſay, does not ſerve for Apollo, Diana and Latona. It is urged that Apollo is for the Trojans, becauſe of the darts and arrows which were the principal ſtrength of the Barbarians; and Diana, becauſe ſhe preſided over dancing, and thoſe Barbarians were great dancers: and Latona, as influenced by her children. Xanthus being a Trojan river, is intereſted for his country. Euſtathius.

Above, the ſire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, ſtern Neptune ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their ſummits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.

℣. 75. *Above, the ſire of Gods*, etc.] "The images "(ſays Longinus) which Homer gives of the combat "of the gods, have in them ſomething prodigiouſly great "and magnificent. We ſee in theſe verſes, the earth "opened to its very center, hell ready to diſcloſe itſelf, "the whole machine of the world upon the point to be "deſtroyed and overturned: to ſhew that in ſuch a "conflict, heaven and hell, all things mortal and im-"mortal, the whole creation in ſhort was engaged in "this battel, and all the extent of nature in danger."

Non ſecus ac ſi qua penitus vi terra dehiſcens
Infernas reſeret ſedes et regna recludat
Pallida, Diis inviſa, ſuperque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immiſſo lumine manes.

Virgil.

Madam Dacier rightly obſerves that this copy is inferior to the original on this account, that Virgil has made a compariſon of that which Homer made an action. This occaſions an infinite difference, which is eaſy to be perceived.

One may compare with this noble paſſage of Homer, the battel of the gods and giants in Heſiod's Theogony, which is one of the ſublimeſt parts of that author; and Milton's battel of the Angels in the ſixth book: the elevation, and enthuſiaſm of our great countryman ſeems owing to this original.

Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of arms his giant bulk display'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side)
Saturnia, majesty of heav'n, defy'd.

℣. 91. *First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain*, etc.] With what art does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! Neptune opposes Apollo, which implies that things moist and dry are in continual discord: Pallas fights with Mars, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree: Juno is against Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state, than celibacy: Vulcan engages Xanthus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double satisfaction at the same time from beautiful verses, and an instructive moral. Eustathius.

With fiery Vulcan laſt in battel ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of earth.
 While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of battels with his blood.
 Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect ſeem'd the power divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.
 Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain.
To meet Pelides you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;

℣. 119. *Already have I met*, etc.] Euſtathius remarks that the poet lets no opportunity paſs of inſerting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, eſpecially the actions of Achilles the hero of it. In this place he brings in Æneas extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confeſſing himſelf to have formerly been vanquiſhed by him: at the ſame time he preſerves a piece of ancient hiſtory, by inſerting into the poem the hero's conqueſt of Pedaſus and Lyrneſſus.

From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd:
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day.
Elſe had I ſunk oppreſt in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd the goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his pow'r,
Tho' ſtrong in battel as a brazen tow'r.
  To whom the ſon of Jove. That God implore,
And be, what great Achilles was before.
From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a ſiſter of the main;
An aged ſea God, father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.

Ỳ. 121. *From Ida's woods he chas'd us——*
But Jove aſſiſting I ſurviv'd.]
It is remarkable that Æneas owed his ſafety to his flight from Achilles, but it may ſeem ſtrange that Achilles, who was ſo famed for his ſwiftneſs ſhould not be able to overtake him, even with Minerva for his guide. Euſtathius anſwers, that this might proceed from the better knowlege Æneas might have of the ways and defiles: Achilles being a ſtranger, and Æneas having long kept his father's flocks in thoſe parts.

He farther obſerves, that the word *φάος* diſcovers that it was in the night that Achilles purſued Æneas.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
  This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the pow'rs, ſhe ſaid.
  Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo great Æneas ruſhing to the war;
Againſt Pelides he directs his courſe,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t'attend
Our favour'd hero, let ſome pow'r deſcend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:
But leſt ſome adverſe God now croſs his way,
Give him to know, what pow'rs aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?
  Thus ſhe, and thus the God whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake,
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' armipotent, or God of light,
Obſtruct Achilles, or commence the fight,

Thence on the Gods of Troy we ſwift deſcend:
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end,
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.
  Thus having ſaid, the tyrant of the ſea,
Cærulean Neptune, roſe, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What time, a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.

℣. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound, etc.*] It may not be unneceſſary to explain this paſſage to make it underſtood by the reader: the poet is very ſhort in the deſcription, as ſuppoſing the fact already known, and haſtens to the combate between Achilles and Æneas. This is very judicious in Homer, not to dwell on a piece of hiſtory that had no relation to his action, when he has raiſed the reader's expectation by ſo pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themſelves his ſpectators.

The ſtory is as follows: Laomedon having defrauded Neptune of the reward he promiſed him for the building the walls of Troy, Neptune ſent a monſtrous whale, to which Laomedon expoſed his daughter Heſione: but Hercules having undertaken to deſtroy the monſter, the Trojans raiſed an intrenchment to defend Hercules from his purſuit: this being a remarkable piece of conduct in the Trojans, it gave occaſion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by aſcribing the work to Pallas the goddeſs of wiſdom. Euſtathius.

Here Neptune, and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simois ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heav'nly party ſate,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of fate;
But mix not yet in fight, tho' Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas here.
With tow'ring ſtrides Æneas firſt advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,

ỳ. 180. *Here Neptune and the Gods*, etc.] I wonder why Euſtathius and all other commentators ſhould be ſilent upon this receſs of the gods: it ſeems ſtrange at the firſt view, that ſo many deities, after having entered the ſcene of action, ſhould perform ſo ſhort a part, and immediately become themſelves ſpectators? I conceive the reaſon of this conduct in the poet to be, that Achilles has been inactive during the greateſt part of the poem; and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: the poet therefore withdraws the gods from the field, that Achilles may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in ſubordination to the deities: beſides the poem now draws to a concluſion, and neceſſary for Homer to enlarge upon the exploits of Achilles, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader.

Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not ſo Pelides; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
'Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,
To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon.
 Why comes Æneas thro' the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,

℣. 214, *etc. The converſation of Achilles and Æneas.*] I ſhall lay before the reader the words of Euſtathius in defence of this paſſage, which I confeſs ſeems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader (ſays he) would naturally expect ſome great and terrible atchievements ſhould enſue from Achilles on his firſt enterance upon action. The poet ſeems to prepare us for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but inſtead of a ſtorm, we have a calm; he follows the ſame method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict,

In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize;
Sons he has many; thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious tract of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?

he ends the day in a ſingle combat between two heroes: thus he always agreeably ſurprizes his readers. Beſides the admirers of Homer reap a farther advantage from this converſation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient hiſtory as well as a ſeries of poetical beauties.

Madam Dacier's excuſe is very little better: and to ſhew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taſte of every reader who certainly finds himſelf diſappointed: our expectation is raiſed to ſee gods and heroes engage, when ſuddenly it all ſinks into ſuch a combat, in which neither party receives a wound: and (what is more extraordinary) the gods are made the ſpectators of ſo ſmall an action! what occaſion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and deſcending deities, to introduce a matter of ſo little importance? neither is it any excuſe to ſay he has given us a piece of ancient hiſtory; we expected to read a poet, not an hiſtorian. In ſhort, after the greateſt preparation for action imaginable, he ſuſpends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the ſimplicity of an hiſtorian.

Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, 'till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtay'd;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this Anchiſes' ſon. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame;
Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth
(A tale reſounded thro' the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:

Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion, then,
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,

ỿ. 258. *The natives were content to till*
The ſhady foot of Ida's fount-ful hill.

Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ ὄπω Ἴλιος ἱρὴ
Εν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο πόλις μερόπων Ανθρώπων
Αλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ᾤκεον πολυπιδάκου Ἴδης.

Plato and Strabo underſtand this paſſage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were firſt inhabited, after the univerſal deluge; and that mankind by degrees deſcended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the word ὑπώρεια ſignify) and only in greater proceſs of time ventured into the valleys: Virgil however ſeems to have taken this word in a ſenſe ſomething different where he alludes to this paſſage. Æn. 3. 109.

—— ——*Nondum Ilium et arces*
Pergameæ ſteterant, habitabant vallibus imis.

ỿ. 262. *Three thouſand mares*, etc.] The number of the horſes and mares of Erichthonius may ſeem incredible, were we not aſſured by Herodotus that there were in the ſtud of Cyrus at one time (beſides thoſe for the ſervice of war) eight hundred horſes and ſix thouſand ſix hundred mares. Euſtathius.

ỿ. 264. *Boreas enamour'd*, etc.] Homer has the ha-

With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;

pineſs of making the leaſt circumſtance conſiderable; the ſubject grows under his hands, and the plaineſt matter ſhines in his dreſs of poetry: another poet would have ſaid theſe horſes were as ſwift as the wind, but Homer tells you that they ſprung from Boreas the god of the wind; and thence drew their ſwiftneſs.

ẏ. 270. *Theſe lightly ſkimming, as they ſwept the plain.*] The poet illuſtrates the ſwiftneſs of theſe horſes by deſcribing them as running over the ſtanding corn, and ſurface of waters, without making any impreſſion. Virgil has imitated theſe lines, and adapts what Homer ſays of theſe horſes to the ſwiftneſs of Camilla. Æn. 7. 809.

Illa vel intactae ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina; nec teneras curſu laeſiſſet ariſtas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

The reader will eaſily perceive that Virgil's is almoſt a literal tranſlation: he has imitated the very run of the verſes, which flow nimbly away in dactyls, and as ſwift as the wind they deſcribe.

I cannot but obſerve one thing in favour of Homer, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by conſidering the conduct of Virgil: who, though undoubtedly the greateſt poet after him, ſeldom ventures to vary much from his original in the paſſages he takes from him, as in a deſpair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them.

And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n enamour'd ſnatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of Jove (æthereal gueſt)
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt.
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam, (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys, He
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.

℣. 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cupbearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment: Sappho mentions it in honour of her brother Labichus, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of Mitylene: the ſon of Menelaus executed the ſame office; Hebe and Mercury ſerved the gods in the ſame ſtation.

It was the cuſtom in the Pagan worſhip to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the ſacrifice: in this office Ganymede might probably attend upon the altar of Jupiter, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. Euſtathius.

Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of pow'r and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſhood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For every man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then—Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove our might.
To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.

He ſpoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms.
Thro' two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd;

Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield, of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing ere he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Thro' the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides,
And the ſlight cov'ring of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring ſpear:
A fate ſo near him, chills his ſoul with fright,
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas rouzing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the pow'rs around.

℣. 339. *But Ocean's God*, etc.] The conduct of the poet in making Æneas owe his ſafety to Neptune in this place is remarkable: Neptune is an enemy to the Trojans, yet he dares not ſuffer ſo pious a man to fall, leſt Jupiter ſhould be offended: this ſhews, ſays Euſtathius, that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are ſometimes conferred not out of kindneſs,

Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing mind;

but to prevent a greater detriment: thus Neptune preſerves Æneas, leſt Jupiter ſhould revenge his death upon the Grecians.

ỳ. 345. *And can ye ſee this righteous chief,* etc.] Though Æneas is repreſented a man of great courage, yet his piety is his moſt ſhining character: this is the reaſon why he is always the care of the gods, and they favour him conſtantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection.

It is in this light that Virgil has preſented him to the view of the reader: his valour bears but the ſecond place in the Æneis. In the Ilias indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the Æneis at full length; but there are the ſame features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the ſame Æneas in Rome as he was in Troy.

On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.

ỳ. 355. *On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,*
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.] The story of Æneas's founding the Roman empire, gave Virgil the finest occasion imaginable of paying a complement to Augustus, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the descendants of Troy. He has translated these two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of Æneas's sailing into Italy, imagine Homer's to be.

———————Αἰνείαο βίη Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων τοίκεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.

Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,
Et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as Strabo observes) in these two lines, by substituting πάντεσσι, in the room of τρώεσσι. It is not improbable but Virgil might give occasion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

Eustathius does not intirely discountenance this story: if it be understood, says he, as a prophecy, the poet might take it from the Sibylline oracles. He farther remarks, that the poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the prosecution of the Trojan war; but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a conclusion. Thus for instance, we have here a piece of history not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the house of Æneas succeeded to the crown of Troas, and to the kingdom of Priam. Eustathius.

This passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the Roman empire, and of the family

The great earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes.

of the Cæſars, who both pretended to deduce their original from Venus by Æneas, alleging that after the taking of Troy, Æneas came into Italy: and this pretenſion is hereby actually deſtroyed. This teſtimony of Homer ought to be looked upon as an authentic act, the fidelity and verity thereof cannot be queſtioned. Neptune, as much an enemy as he is to the Trojans, declares that Æneas, and after him his poſterity, ſhall reign over the Trojans. Would Homer have put this prophecy in Neptune's mouth, if he had not known that Æneas did not leave Troy, but that he reigned there, and if he had not ſeen in his time the deſcendants of that prince reign there likewiſe? That poet wrote two hundred and ſixty years, or thereabouts, after the taking of Troy; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in ſome of the towns of Ionia, that is to ſay, in the neighbourhood of Phrygia, ſo that the time and place give ſuch a weight to his depoſition, that nothing can invalidate it. All that the hiſtorians have written concerning Æneas's voyage into Italy, ought to be conſidered as a romance, made on purpoſe to deſtroy all hiſtorical truth; for the moſt ancient is poſterior to Homer by ſome ages. Before Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, ſome writers being ſenſible of the ſtrength of this paſſage of Homer, undertook to explain it ſo as to reconcile it with this fable; and they ſaid that Æneas, after having been in Italy, returned to Troy, and left his ſon Aſcanius there. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, little ſatisfied with this ſolution, which did not ſeem to him to be probable, has taken another method: he would have it, that by theſe words, "He ſhall reign over the Trojans," Homer meant, He ſhall reign over the Trojans whom he ſhall carry with him into Italy. "For is it not poſſible, ſays he, "that Æneas ſhould reign over the Trojans, whom he "had taken with him, though ſettled elſewhere?"

Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
  The king of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.

That hiſtorian, who wrote in Rome itſelf, and in the very reign of Auguſtus, was willing to make his court to that prince, by explaining this paſſage of Homer, ſo as to favour the chimæra he was poſſeſſed with. And this is a reproach that may with ſome juſtice be caſt on him; for poets may by their fictions flatter princes, and welcome: it is their trade. But for hiſtorians to corrupt the gravity and ſeverity of hiſtory, to ſubſtitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. Strabo was much more ſcrupulous, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of Tiberius's reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this paſſage of Homer, and to aver, that this poet ſaid, and meant, that Æneas remained at Troy, that he reigned therein, Priam's whole race being extinguiſhed, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, lib. 13. You may ſee this whole matter diſcuſſed in a letter from M. Bochart to M. de Sagrais, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the tranſlation of Virgil.

From great Æneas' ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at its maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,
Smooth gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds.
Till at the battel's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight:

ỳ. 378. *Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear.*] The Caucones (ſays Euſtathius) were of Paphlagonian extract: and this perhaps was the reaſon why they are not diſtinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of Paphlagonians: though two lines are quoted which are ſaid to have been left out by ſome tranſcriber, and immediately followed this,

Κρῶμναν τ' Αἰγιαλόντε καὶ ὑψηλὺς 'Ερυθίνυς.

Which verſes are theſe,

Καύκωνας αὖτ' ἦγε πολυκλέος υἱὸς 'Αμύμων.

Or as others read it, "Αμειβος.

Οἳ περὶ παρθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματ' ἔναιον,

Yet I believe theſe are not Homer's lines, but rather the addition of ſome tranſcriber; and it is evident by conſulting the paſſage from which they are ſaid to have been curtailed, that they would be abſurd in that place; for the ſecond line is actually there already; and as theſe Caucons are ſaid to live upon the banks of the Parthenius, ſo are the Paphlagonians in the above-mentioned paſſage. It is therefore more probable that the Caucons are included in the Paphlagonians.

The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd.
  What pow'r, O prince, with force inferior far
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war!
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
  With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: what wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs celeſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed——This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,
O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battel, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:

No God can fingly fuch a hoft engage,
Not Mars himfelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatfoe'er Achilles can infpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire,
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Thro' yon' wide hoft this arm fhall fcatter fear,
And thin the fquadrons with my fingle fpear.
He faid: nor lefs elate with martial joy,
The god-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
Trojans, to war! think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty fon.
Deeds muft decide our fate. Ev'n thofe with words
Infult the brave, who tremble at their fwords:
The weakeft atheift-wretch all heav'n defies,
But fhrinks and fhudders, when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon' boafter fhall your chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were fteel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that fteel, your Hector fhould withftand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero faid;
A wood of lances rifes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeft all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to fhun
The fingle fight with Thetis' god-like fon;
More fafe to combate in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.

He hears, obedient to the God of light,
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
  Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led,
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Nais of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below,
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain.
  Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gygæ boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more——Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
  Demoleon next, Antenor's offſpring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel with full deſcending ſway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way,
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.

This ſees Hippodamas, and ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder rores
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helice's high ſhores
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age:

℣. 467.——*Not louder rores*
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helice's high ſhores, etc.] In Helice, a town of Achaia, three quarters of a league from the gulph of Corinth, Neptune had a magnificent temple, where the Ionians offered every year to him a ſacrifice of a bull; and it was with theſe people an auſpicious ſign, and a certain mark, that the ſacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the Ionic migration, which happened about 140 years after the taking of Troy, the Ionians of Aſia aſſembled in the fields of Priene to celebrate the ſame feſtival in honour of Heliconian Neptune; and as thoſe of Priene valued themſelves upon being originally of Helice, they choſe for the king of the ſacrifice a young Prienian. It is needleſs to diſpute from whence the poet has taken his compariſon; for as he lived 100, or 121 years after the Ionic migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the Aſian Ionia, and at Priene itſelf; where he had probably often aſſiſted at that ſacrifice, and been witneſs of the ceremonies therein obſerved. This poet always appears ſtrongly addicted to the cuſtoms of the Ionians, which makes ſome conjecture that he was an Ionian himſelf. Euſtathius. Dacier.

℣. 571. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.*]

(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth thro' the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore;
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame.

Euripides in his Hecuba has followed another tradition, when he makes Polydorus the ſon of Priam and of Hecuba, and ſlain by Polymneſtor king of Thrace, after the taking of Troy; for according to Homer, he is not the ſon of Hecuba, but of Laothoe, as he ſays in the following book, and is ſlain by Achilles. Virgil too has rather choſen to follow Euripides than Homer.

℣. 489. *Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came.*] The great judgment of the poet in keeping the character of his hero, is in this place very evident: when Achilles was to engage Æneas, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of Æneas: had he purſued the ſame method with Hector, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing paſ-

The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war——
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcan'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! he ſpake no more.
  Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But heav'n alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.
  Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:

ſion in Achilles: he left the field in a rage againſt Agamemnon, and entered it again to be revenged of Hector: the poet therefore judiciouſly makes him take fire at the ſight of his enemy: he deſcribes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a ſingle line: his impatience to be revenged, would not ſuffer him to delay it by a length of words.

But preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch! thou haſt ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any power aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,

℣. 513. *But preſent to his aid, Apollo.*] It is a common obſervation, that a God ſhould never be introduced into a poem but where his preſence is neceſſary. And it may be aſked why the life of Hector is of ſuch importance that Apollo ſhould reſcue him from the hand of Achilles here, and yet ſuffer him to fall ſo ſoon after? Euſtathius anſwers, that the poet had not yet ſufficiently exalted the valour of Achilles, he takes time to enlarge upon his atchievements, and riſes by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and reſentment at one blow in the death of Hector. And the poet, adds he, pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by ſhewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have ſaved Æneas and Hector from the hand of Achilles.

Gigantic chief! deep gaſh'd th' enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world;
This diff'rence only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.

Nor leſs unpity'd, young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs falchion ope'd his tender ſide;

ỳ. 541. ——*No pray'r, no moving art*
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!] I confeſs it is a ſatisfaction to me, to obſerve with what art the poet purſues his ſubject: the opening of the poem profeſſes to treat of the anger of Achilles; that anger draws on all the great events of the ſtory: and Homer at every opportunity awakens the reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: ſo that when we ſee in this place the hero deaf to youth and compaſſion, it is what we expect: mercy in him would offend, becauſe it is contrary to his character. Homer propoſes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the poem which he deſigned the reader ſhould draw from it, is, that we ſhould avoid anger, ſince it is ever pernicious in the event.

The painting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his boſom till he pants no more.
  Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous faulchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoaking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt, the corps extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief deſcends:
The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:
His back ſcarce turn'd the Pelian jav'lin gor'd;
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,

This way and that, the ſpreading torrent rores;
So ſweeps the hero thro' the waſted ſhores;
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhow'rs.
As with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor,
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' un-number'd grain.

℣. 580. *The trampling ſteers beat out th' un-number'd grain.*] In Greece, inſtead of threſhing the corn as we do, they cauſed it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewiſe practiſed in Judæa, as is ſeen by the law of God, who forbad the Jews to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn. *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in area fruges tuas.* Deut. xxv. Dacier.

The ſame practice is ſtill preſerved among the Turks and modern Greeks.

The ſimiles at the end.] It is uſual with our author to heap his ſimiles very thick together at the concluſion of a book. He has done the ſame in the ſeventeenth: it is the natural diſcharge of a vaſt imagination, heated in its progreſs, and giving itſelf vent in this croud of images.

I cannot cloſe the notes upon this book, without obſerving the dreadful idea of Achilles, which the poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over ſhields, and mangled heaps of ſlain: the wheels, the axle-tree, and the horſes are ſtained with blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with ſlaughter. A painter might form from this paſſage the picture of Mars in the fullneſs of his terrors, as well as Phidias is ſaid to have drawn from another, that of Jupiter in all his majeſty.

So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoaking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never dying fame!

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battel in the river Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combate ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove,
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,

This book is intirely different from all the foregoing: though it be a battel, it is intirely of a new and

Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus rores,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound,
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriors drown'd.

ſurprizing kind, diverſified with a vaſt variety of imagery and deſcription. The ſcene is totally changed: he paints the combate of his hero with the rivers, and deſcribes a battel amidſt an inundation. It is obſervable, that though the whole war of the Iliad was upon the banks of theſe rivers, Homer has artfully left out the machinery of river-gods in all the other battels, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhauſted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this deſcription of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contraſt in that of the drought: the part of Achilles is admirably ſuſtained, and the new ſtrokes which Homer gives to his picture are ſuch, as are derived from the very ſource of his character, and finiſh the intire draught of this hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this epiſode, may be reconciled to probability, truth and natural reaſon, will be conſidered in a diſtinct note on that head: the reader may find it on ℣. 447.

℣. 2. *Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.*] The river is here ſaid to be the ſon of Jupiter, on account of its being ſupplied with waters that fall from Jupiter, that is, from heaven. Euſtathius.

As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoaky cloud,
The cluſt'ring legions ruſh into the flood:
So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.

℣. 14. *As the ſcorch'd locuſts*, etc.] Euſtathius obſerves that ſeveral countries have been much infeſted with armies of locuſts; and that, to prevent their deſtroying the fruits of the earth, the countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields; the locuſts to avoid the intenſe heat were forced to caſt themſelves into the water. From this obſervation the poet draws his alluſion, which is very much to the honour of Achilles, ſince it repreſents the Trojans with reſpect to him as no more than ſo many inſects.

The ſame commentator takes notice, that becauſe the iſland of Cyprus in particular was uſed to practiſe this method with the locuſts, ſome authors have conjectured that Homer was of that country. But if this were a ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a ſuppoſition, he might be ſaid to be born in almoſt all the countries of the world, ſince he draws his obſervations from the cuſtoms of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of theſe locuſts, mentioned among the plagues of Ægypt, without having recourſe to an immediate creation, as ſome good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed conſiſts in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the Ægyptians." I have often obſerved with pleaſure the ſimilitude which many of Homer's expreſſions bear with the holy ſcriptures, and that the moſt ancient heathen writer in the world, often ſpeaks in the idiom of Moſes: thus as the locuſts in Exodus are ſaid to be driven into the ſea, ſo in Homer they are forced into a river.

His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide,
(Which ſpreading tam'riſks on the margin hide)
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword, high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie.
So the huge dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train.
Confuſ'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;

℣. 30. *So the huge Dolphin*, etc.] It is obſervable with what juſtneſs the author diverſifies his compariſons according to the different ſcenes and elements he is engaged in: Achilles has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, etc. Now he is in the water, the poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. Euſtathius.

℣. 34. *Now tir'd with ſlaughter.*] This is admirably well ſuited to the character of Achilles, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppoſe him, and ſtops not, until nature itſelf could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reſerve twelve noble youths to ſacrifice them to the Manes of Patroclus, but his reſentment gives him no time to think of them, until the hurry of his paſſion abates, and he is tired with ſlaughter: without this circumſtance, I think

With their rich belts their captive arms constrains,
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.

an objection might naturally be raised, that in the time of a pursuit Achilles gave the enemy too much leisure to escape, while he busied himself with tying these prisoners: though it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he tyed them with his own hands.

℣. 35. *Twelve chosen youths.*] This piece of cruelty in Achilles has appeared shocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excused by considering the ferocious and vindictive spirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exercised on enemies in war were authorised by the military laws of those times; nay, religion itself became a sanction to them. It is not only the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battel, to sacrifice them to the Manes of his favourite hero. Æn. 10. ℣. 517.

———————Sulmone creatos
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
Captivoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammas.

And Æn. 11. ℣. 81.

Vinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris,
Inferias, cæso sparsuros sanguine flammam.

And (what is very particular) the Latin poet expresses no disapprobation of the action, which the Grecian does in plain terms, speaking of this in Iliad 23. ℣. 176.

————————Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔργα.

Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood;
The ſon of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot-wheel)
To Lemnos iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind Eetion touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;

ỳ. 41. *The young Lycaon*, etc.] Homer has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving ſuch incidents as ſet the characteriſtic qualities of his heroes in the higheſt point of light. There is hardly any in the whole Iliad more proper to move pity than this circumſtance of Lycaon; or to raiſe terror, than this view of Achilles. It is alſo the fineſt picture of them both imaginable: we ſee the different atitude of their perſons, and the different paſſions which appeared in their countenances: at firſt Achilles ſtands erect, with ſurprize in his looks at the ſight of one whom he thought it impoſſible to find there; while Lycaon is in the poſture of a ſuppliant, with looks that plead for compaſſion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he lets go the ſpear, and places himſelf on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how ſtrongly is this painted! I believe every one perceives the beauty of this paſſage, and allows that poetry (at leaſt in Homer) is truly a ſpeaking picture.

The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conqu'ring hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles ey'd,
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and drop'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield.)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero ſaid.

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon' heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That barr ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he ſpake, the Trojan, pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground:

And while above the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart;
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;

℣. 84. *The ſpeeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impoſſible for any thing to be better imagined than theſe two ſpeeches: that of Lycaon is moving and compaſſionate; that of Achilles haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmoſt tenderneſs, the other denies with the utmoſt ſternneſs: one would think it impoſſible to amaſs ſo many moving arguments in ſo few words as thoſe of Lycaon: he forgets no circumſtance to ſoften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of Patroclus, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to Hector, and would willingly put himſelf upon him as a ſuppliant, and conſequently as an inviolable perſon: but Achilles is immoveable, his reſentment makes him deaf to intreaties, and it muſt be remembered that anger, not mercy, is his character.

I muſt confeſs I could have wiſhed Achilles had ſpared him: there are ſo many circumſtances that ſpeak in his favour, that he deſerved his life, had he not aſked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatneſs in the *concluſion* of the ſpeech of Achilles, which ſtrikes me very much: he ſpeaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for aſking life ſo earneſtly, a life that was of ſo much leſs importance than his own.

A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;
Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam, and Laothoe fair,
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd)
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror ſhall I fly?
Some dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
These words, attended with a ſhow'r of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
" And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality?

See'ſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then——he ſaid; and as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk, before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear;
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear:
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the recking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand:
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſs gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave.

Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corſe, and ſuck thy goary wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.

℣. 121. *The day ſhall come——*

When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart.

This is not ſpoken at random, but with an air of ſuperiority; when Achilles ſays he ſhall fall by an arrow, a dart or a ſpear, he inſinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a cloſe fight, or engage him hand to hand. Euſtathius.

So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worſhip'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name!
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is compleat;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.

These boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.

ỳ. 146. *Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain.*] It was an ancient cuſtom to caſt living horſes into the ſea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by theſe victims, the rapidity of their ſtreams This practice continued a long time, and hiſtory ſupplies us with examples of it: Aurelius Victor ſays of Pompey the younger, *Cum mari feliciter uteretur, Neptuni ſe filium confeſſus eſt, eumque bobus auratis et equo placavit.* He offered oxen in ſacrifice, and threw a living horſe into the ſea, as appears from Dion, which is perfectly conformable to this of Homer. Euſtathius. Dacier.

ỳ. 152. *With fury ſwells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the epiſode of the river Xanthus ever ſince the beginning of the laſt book; and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon Achilles: it is not only becauſe he is a river of Troas, but, as Euſtathius remarks, becauſe it is in defence of a man that was deſcended from a brother river-God: he was angry too with Achilles on another account, becauſe he had choaked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the Trojans.

What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropeus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters choak'd with heaps of dead,
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire,
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command
Arms with protended spears, my native band;

℣. 171. *From rich Pæonia's*——etc.] In the catalogue Pyræchmes is said to be commander of the Pæonians, where they are described as bow-men; but here they are said to be armed with spears, and to have Asteropæus for their general. Eustathius tells us, some critics asserted that this line in the Cat. ℣. 355.

Πηλεγόνος δ' υἱὸς περιδέξιος Ἀστεροπαῖος,

followed

Αὐτὰρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους.

But I see no reason for such an assertion. Homer has

Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
 Threat'ning he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance:
At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance,
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance cou'd wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like lightning next the Pelian jav'lin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies:
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.

expreſly told us in this ſpeech that it was but ten days ſince he came to the aid of Troy; he might be made general of the Pæonians upon the death of Pyræchmes, who was killed in the ſixteenth book. Why alſo might not the Pæonians, as well as Teucer, excel in the management both of the bow and the ſpear?

℣. 187. *Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear*
Ev'n to the middle earth'd,———]

It was impoſſible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the ſtrength of Achilles than he has by this circumſtance: his ſpear pierced ſo deep into the ground, that another hero of great ſtrength could not diſengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmoſt eaſe: how prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a ſpear half way into the earth, and then with a touch releaſe it?

Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! ſuch the fate they prove
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a river didſt thou boaſt thy line,
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n Achelous might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,
The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.

He

He ſaid; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathleſs warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſs lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſus ſlew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound.

O firſt of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have giv'n thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my choak'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood:
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.

In human form confeſs'd before his eyes
The river thus; and thus the chief replies.
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Not till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;

Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O ſon of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the ſire above
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain——the chief without diſmay
Ploughs thro' the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river rores,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thund'ring ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:

℣. 263. *Now burſting on his head*, etc.] There is a great beauty in the verſification of this whole paſſage in Homer; ſome of the verſes run hoarſe, full and ſonorous, like the torrent they deſcribe; others by their broken cadences, and ſudden ſtops, image the difficulty, labour and interruption of the hero's march againſt it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the ruſhing of the branches in the water, are all put into ſuch words, that almoſt every letter correſponds in its ſound, and echoes to the ſenſe, of each particular.

His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and ſtagg'ring. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the chanel, and regain'd the land.

℣. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs*——] If we had no other account of the river Xanthus but this, it were alone ſufficient to ſhew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here ſays that the elm ſtretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: the ſuddenneſs of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river.

℣. 276. *Leap'd from the chanel.*] Euſtathius recites a criticiſm on this verſe; in the original the word Λίμνη ſignifies Stagnum, Palus, a *ſtanding water;* now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current*: to ſolve this, ſays that author, ſome have ſuppoſed that the tree which lay acroſs the river ſtopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to ſpread as it were into a pool. Others, diſſatisfied with this ſolution, think that a miſtake is crept into the text, and that inſtead of 'ἐκ Λίμνης, ſhould be inſerted ἐκ Δίνης. But I do not ſee the neceſſity of having recourſe to either of theſe ſolutions; for why may not the word Λίμνη ſignify here the *chanel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verſe? And nothing being more common

Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle ſpeeds his pace,
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aerial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly, Achilles ſprings
At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,

than to ſubſtitute a part for the whole, why may not the chanel be ſuppoſed to imply the whole river?

℣. 289. *So when a peaſant to his garden brings*, etc.] This changing of the character is very beautiful: no poet ever knew, like Homer, to paſs from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; ſuch tranſitions, when properly made, give a ſingular pleaſure, as when in muſic a maſter paſſes from the rough to the tender. Demetrius Phalereus, who only praiſes this compariſon for its clearneſs, has not ſufficiently recommended its beauty and value. Virgil has transferred it into his firſt book of the Georgics, ℣. 106.

Deinde ſatis fluvium inducit, rivoſque ſequentes:
Et cum exuſtus ager morientibus æſtuat herbis,
Ecce ſupercilio clivoſi tramitis undam
Elicit: Illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
Saxa ciet, ſcatebriſque arentia temperat arva.

Dacier.

And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bow'rs,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flow'rs;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him ſcatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
 Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where-e'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
So oft' the ſurge, in wat'ry mountains ſpread,
Beat on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees rel[illegible] with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil;
When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan.
 Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No pow'r t'avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of fate.
Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;

By Phœbus' darts she prophesy'd my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battel warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!

ỳ. 321. *Oh had I dy'd in fields of battel warm!* etc.] Nothing is more agreeable than this wish to the heroic character of Achilles: glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. Virgil has made use of the same thought in the same circumstance, where Æneas is in danger of being drowned, Æn. 1. ỳ. 98.

——— O terque quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
Contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Non potuisse? tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra?

Lucan in the fifth book of his Pharsalia, representing Cæsar in the same circumstance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundless thirst of glory, in his hero; when, after he has repined in the same manner with Achilles, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired;

————— Licet ingentes abruperit actus
Festinata dies fatis, sat magna peregi.
Arctoas domui gentes: Inimica subegi
Arma manu: Vidit Magnum mihi Roma secundum.

And only wishes that his obscure fate might be conceal'd, in the view that all the world might still fear and expect him.

————— Lacerum retinete cadaver
Fluctibus in mediis; desint mihi busta, rogusque,
Dum metuar semper terraque expecter ab omni.

Might Hector's ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!
Ah no! Achilles meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom on a rainy day,
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe to the ſea.

Neptune and Pallas haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs the chief:
The pow'r of Ocean firſt. Forbear thy fear,
Oh ſon of Peleus! Lo thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove deſcending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid.
Stay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counſel heav'n ſuggeſts, attend!
Nor breathe from combate, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
'Till Troy receive her flying ſons, 'till all
Her routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the Gods:
Then ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.

Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
He ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters ſpread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms; while caſques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus rores,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to Simois: haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controuls a God:
Our braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them rore,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy wat'ry ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how reſiſtleſs thro' the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulphs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall e'er his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.

Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of heav'n: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid.

Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern and the weſtern wind:
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,
Scorch all the banks! and ('till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!

The pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in their chanel boil:
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.

ỳ. 405. *While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.*] It is in the original, ỳ. 355.

Πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.

Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flow'ry Lotos, and the tam'riſk burn.
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The wat'ry willows hiſs before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the ſcaly fry,
Or gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the God he ſaid.
Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight———
I yield——Let Ilion fall; if fate decree——
Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.

The epithet given to Vulcan in this verſe (as well as in the 367th) Ἡφαίστοιο πολύφρονος, has no ſort of alluſion to the action deſcribed: for what has his *wiſdom* or *knowlege* to do with burning up the river Xanthus? This is uſual in our author, and much exclaimed againſt by his modern antagoniſts, whom Mr. Boileau very well anſwers. "It is not ſo ſtrange in Homer to give theſe "epithets to perſons upon occaſions which can have "no reference to them; the ſame is frequent in modern "languages, in which we call a man by the name of "Saint, when we ſpeak of any action of his that has "not the leaſt regard to his *ſanctity*: as when we ſay, "for example, that St. Paul held the garments of thoſe "who ſtoned St. Stephen."

As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoak aſpires:
So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river ſends his earneſt pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia! muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with his waſteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods aſſert the cauſe of Troy.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command,
But ah! withdraw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to fate
Unaided Ilion, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
'Till Greece ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the Trojan name.

ỳ. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe.*] It is impoſſible to render literally ſuch paſſages with any tolerable beauty. Theſe ideas can never be made to ſhine in Engliſh; ſome particularities cannot be preſerved; but the Greek language gives them luſtre, the words are noble and muſical.

> Ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
> Κνίσσῃ μελδόμενος ἁπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,
> Πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται.

All therefore that can be expected from a tranſlator is to preſerve the meaning of the ſimile, and embelliſh it with ſome words of affinity that carry nothing low in the ſenſe or ſound.

His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

℣. 447. *And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the *epiſode* of the *river-fight*; and I muſt here lay before the reader my thoughts on the whole of it; which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true hiſtory. Nothing can give a better idea of Homer's manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plaineſt and ſimpleſt incidents noble and poetical, than to conſider the whole paſſage in the common hiſtorical ſenſe, which I ſuppoſe to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river Xanthus during the ſiege, which very much incommoded the aſſailants: this gave occaſion for the fiction of an engagement between Achilles and the river-god: Xanthus calling Simois to aſſiſt him, implies that theſe two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation: Pallas and Neptune relieve Achilles; that is, Pallas, or the *wiſdom* of Achilles, found ſome means to divert the waters, and turn them into the *ſea;* wherefore Neptune, the God of it, is feigned to aſſiſt him. Jupiter and Juno (by which are underſtood the aerial regions) conſent to aid Achilles; that may ſignify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy ſeaſon, which aſſuaged the waters, and dried the ground: and what makes this in a manner plain, is, that Juno (which ſignifies the *air*) promiſes to ſend the *north* and *weſt winds* to diſtreſs the river. Xanthus being conſumed by Vulcan, that is, dried up with heat, prays to Juno to relieve him: what is this, but that the drought having drunk up his ſtreams, he has recourſe to the *air* for

rains

While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' æthereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.

rains to re-ſupply his current? Or, perhaps the whole may ſignify no more, than that Achilles being on the farther ſide of the river, plunged himſelf in to purſue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the riſk of being drowned; that to ſave himſelf he laid hold on a fallen tree, which ſerved to keep him a-float; that he was ſtill carried down the ſtream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expreſſed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the ſea [Neptune] he found means by his prudence [Pallas] to ſave himſelf from his danger.

If the reader ſtill ſhould think, the fiction of rivers ſpeaking and fighting is too bold, the objection will vaniſh by conſidering how much the heathen mythology authorizes the repreſentation of rivers as perſons: nay, even in old hiſtorians nothing is more common than ſtories of rapes committed by river-gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the ſame nature ſo well known, as the engagement between Hercules and the river Achelous.

℣. 454. *Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,*
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.]
I was at a loſs for the reaſon why Jupiter is ſaid to ſmile at the diſcord of the gods, till I found it in Euſtathius; Jupiter, ſays he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleaſed with the war of the gods, that is, of earth, ſea, and air, etc. becauſe the harmony of all beings ariſes

The pow'r of battels lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant queen of war.

What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſ-unite
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God;
Thy impious hand Tydides' jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.

He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine Ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.

from that diſcord: thus earth is oppoſite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this oppoſition ariſes that diſcordant concord by which all nature ſubſiſts. Thus heat and cold, moiſt and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that Jupiter, who according to the Greeks is the ſoul of all, may well be ſaid to ſmile at this contention.

℣. 456. *The power of battels*, etc.] The combate of Mars and Pallas is plainly allegorical: juſtice and wiſdom demanded that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: the god of war oppoſes this, but is worſted. Euſtathius ſays that this holds forth the oppoſition of rage and wiſdom; and no ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to reinforce it, as Venus ſuccours Mars. The poet ſeems farther to inſinuate, that reaſon when it reſiſts a temptation vigorouſly, eaſily overcomes it: ſo it is with the utmoſt facility, that Pallas conquers both Mars and Venus. He adds, that Pallas retreated from Mars in order to conquer him: this ſhews us, that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it.

Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This, at the heav'nly homicide ſhe caſt.

ỳ. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand A ſtone,* etc.]

The poet has deſcribed many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing ſtones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he riſes in his image: he is deſcribing a goddeſs, and has found a way to make that action excel all human ſtrength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this paſſage in his twelfth book, and applied it to Turnus; but I cannot help thinking that the action in a mortal is ſomewhat extravagantly imagined: what principally renders it ſo, is an addition of two lines to this ſimile which he borrows from another part of Homer, only with this difference, that whereas Homer ſays no two men could raiſe ſuch a ſtone, Virgil extends it to twelve.

——Saxum circumſpicit ingens,
Saxum, antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis.

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *ſaxum ingens*, in the ſecond line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the vaſtneſs of the ſtone:) the other two lines are as follow;

Vix illud, lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

May I be allowed to think too, they are not ſo well introduced in Virgil? For it is juſt after Turnus is deſcribed as weakened and oppreſſed with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than a hero in an epic poem.

Thund'ring he falls; a maſs of monſtrous ſize,
And ſev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful dame her conqueſt views with ſmiles,
And glorying thus, the proſtrate God reviles.
  Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
  The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.
This the bright empreſs of the heav'ns ſurvey'd,
And ſcoffing, thus, to war's victorious maid.
  Lo! what an aid on Mars's ſide is ſeen!
The Smiles and Loves unconquerable queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if ſhe dares, purſue.
  Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell; (her ſpirits fled)
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread.

And like theſe heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods ſuch let the Phrygian be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd—
Thus ſhe, and Juno with a ſmile approv'd.

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of light.

℣. 507. *The God of Ocean dares the God of light.*] The interview between Neptune and Apollo is very judiciouſly in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a concluſion; the Trojans are to be puniſhed for their perjury and violence: Homer accordingly with a poetical juſtice ſums up the evidence againſt them, and repreſents the very founder of Troy as an injurious perſon. There have been ſeveral references to this ſtory ſince the beginning of the poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be freſh upon the memory, and ſhew, the Trojans deſerve the puniſhment they are going to ſuffer.

Euſtathius gives the reaſon why Apollo aſſiſts the Trojans, though he had been equally with Neptune affronted by Laomedon: this proceeded from the honours which Apollo received from the poſterity of Laomedon; Troy paid him no leſs worſhip than Cilla, or Tenedos; and by theſe means won him over to a forgiveneſs: but Neptune ſtill was ſlighted, and conſequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The ſame author gives us various opinions why Neptune is ſaid to have built the Trojan wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages: Some ſay that Laomedon ſacrilegiouſly took away the treaſures out of the temples of Apollo and Neptune, to carry on the fortifications; from whence it was fabled that Neptune and Apollo built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the work-

What ſloth has ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns the [ſound?
Shall ignominious we with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian ſire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age.
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!

men dedicated their wages to Apollo and Neptune; and that Laomedon detained them: ſo that he might in ſome ſenſe be ſaid to defraud the deities themſelves, by withholding what was dedicated to their temples.

The reaſon why Apollo is ſaid to have kept the herds of Laomedon, is not ſo clear. Euſtathius obſerves that all plagues firſt ſeiſe upon the four-footed creation, and are ſuppoſed to ariſe from this deity: thus Apollo in the firſt book ſends the plague into the Grecian army: the ancients therefore made him to preſide over cattel, that by preſerving them from the plague, mankind might be ſafe from infectious diſeaſes. Others tell us, that this employment is aſcribed to Apollo, becauſe he ſignifies the ſun: now the ſun clothes the paſtures with graſs and herbs; ſo that Apollo may be ſaid himſelf to feed the cattel, by ſupplying them with food. Upon either of theſe accounts Laomedon may be ſaid to be ungrateful to that deity, for raiſing no temple to his honour.

It is obſervable that Homer, in this ſtory, aſcribes the building of the wall to Neptune only: I ſhould conjecture the reaſon might be, that Troy being a ſea-port town, the chief ſtrength of it depended upon its ſituation, ſo that the ſea was in a manner a wall to it: upon this account Neptune may not improbably be ſaid to have built the wall.

Haſt thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year!
Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were Jove's commands)
And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not like us, infeſt the faithleſs race?
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?
  Apollo thus: To combate for mankind
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;

℣. 537. *For what is man?* etc.] The poet is very happy in interſperſing his poem with moral ſentences; in this place he ſteals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. "Shall I (ſays Apollo) contend with thee "for the ſake of man? man, who is no more than a "leaf of a tree, now green and flouriſhing, but ſoon "withered away and gone?" The ſon of Sirach has an

Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now, wither on the ground:
To their own hands commit the frantic ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the ſenior pow'r, ſubmiſs retires;
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the Sylvan ſhades.
 And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary ſire, the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more in yon' celeſtial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-ſhaking pow'r.
 Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not ſo Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What inſolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the majeſty of heav'n?

expreſſion which very much reſembles this, Ecclus. xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, ſome fall, and ſome grow, ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.*

℣. 544. *And from the ſenior pow'r, ſubmiſs retires.*] Two things hinder Homer from making Neptune and Apollo fight. Firſt, becauſe having already deſcribed the fight between Vulcan and Xanthus, he has nothing farther to ſay here, for it is the ſame conflict between humidity and dryneſs. Secondly, Apollo being the ſame with Deſtiny, and the ruin of the Trojans being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. Dacier.

What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What tho' tremendous in the woodland chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the pow'rs divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage——
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;

ỷ. 557. *The female plague*———
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind etc.]
The words in the original are, *Though Jupiter has made you a lion to women.* The meaning of this is, that Diana was terrible to that sex, as being the same with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth: or else that the ancients attributed all sudden deaths of women to the darts of Diana, as of men to those of Apollo: which opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. Eustathius.

ỷ. 566. *She said, and seiz'd her wrists,* etc.] I must confess I am at a loss how to justify Homer in every point of these combats with the gods: when Diana and Juno are to fight, Juno calls her an *impudent bitch,* κυὸν ἀδδεές: When they fight, she boxes her soundly, and sends her crying and trembling to heaven: as soon as she comes thither, Jupiter falls a laughing at her: indeed the rest of the deities seem to be in a merry vein during all the action: Pallas beats Mars and laughs at him; Jupiter sees them in the same merry mood: Juno when she had cuffed Diana is not more serious: in short, unless there be some depths that I am not able to fathom, Homer never better deserved than in this place the censure past upon him by the ancients, that as he

Theſe in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcatt'ring arrows rattling from the caſe,
Drop round, and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce reſtrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.
  To her, Latona haſtes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.

raiſed the characters of his men up to gods, ſo he ſunk thoſe of gods, down to men.

Yet I think it but reaſonable to conclude, from the very abſurdity of all *this*, (ſuppoſing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there muſt therefore certainly be ſome. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obſcure for us to find out: the remoteneſs of our times muſt neceſſarily darken yet more and more ſuch things as were myſteries at firſt. Not that it is at all impoſſible, notwithſtanding their preſent darkneſs, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain, allegories ought to be diſguiſed, but not obſcured: an allegory ſhould be like a veil over a beautiful face, ſo fine and tranſparent, as to ſhew the very charms it covers.

℣. 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impoſſible that Mercury ſhould encounter Latona: ſuch a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and

How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go, matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: Latona, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That glitt'ring on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then ſwift purſu'd her to her bleſt abode,
Where, all confus'd, ſhe ſought the ſov'reign God;
Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: the ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The ſire, ſuperior ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' fate forbad her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' æthereal ſire:
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.

ſhe repreſenting the night; for the planets owe all their luſtre to the ſhades of the night, and then only become viſible to the world. Euſtathius.

As when avenging flames with fury driv'n
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;
The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky.
So rag'd Achilles: death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.
 High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;

ỳ. 607. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,*
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.] This paſſage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable. Firſt, by taking this fire for a real fire, ſent from heaven to puniſh a criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we find that Homer had a notion of this great truth, that God ſometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this ſignal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other ſenſe, ſimply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who aſſault it, and only expreſſed thus by the author in the ſame manner as Jeremy makes the city of Jeruſalem ſay, when the Chaldæans burnt the temple, *The Lord from above hath ſent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13. Yet ſtill thus much will appear underſtood by Homer, that the fire which is caſt into a city comes not, properly ſpeaking, from men, but from God, who delivers it up to their fury. Dacier.

ỳ. 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam*, etc.] The poet ſtill raiſes the idea of the courage and ſtrength of his hero, by making Priam in a terror that he ſhould enter the town after the routed troops: for if he had not ſurpaſſed all mortals, what could have been more deſirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then deſtroyed him?

Here again there was need of another machine to hinder him from entering the city; for Achilles being vaſtly

Views, from his arm, the Trojans ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtop, no check, no aid! with feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending on the guards he calls.

You to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
Strook ſlaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.

vaſtly ſpeedier than thoſe he purſued, he muſt neceſſarily overtake ſome of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmoſt. The ſtory of Agenor is therefore admirably contrived, and Apollo, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees ſhould be punctually executed) interpoſes both to ſave Agenor and Troy; for Achilles might have killed Agenor, and ſtill entered with the troops, if Apollo had not diverted him by the purſuit of that phantom. Agenor oppoſed himſelf to Achilles only becauſe he could not do better; for he ſees himſelf reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriouſly to periſh among the fugitives, or hide himſelf in the foreſt; both which were equally unſafe: therefore he is purpoſely inſpired with a generous reſolution to try to ſave his countrymen, and as the reward of that ſervice, is at laſt ſaved himſelf.

On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
And gladſome ſee their laſt eſcape from fate:
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
  Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts æthereal flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave,
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſate,
And wrapt, in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the gen'rous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe,
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll)
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.
  What, ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?

* Apollo.

℣. 651. *What, ſhall I fly? etc.*] This is a very beautiful ſoliloquy of Agenor, ſuch a one as would naturally ariſe in the ſoul of a brave man, going upon a deſperate enterprize: he weighs every thing in the balance of reaſon; he ſets before himſelf the baſeneſs of flight, and the courage of his enemy, until at laſt the thirſt of glory preponderates all other conſiderations. From the con-

Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon' line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends,
What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal; he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood, collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.

cluſion of this ſpeech it is evident, that the ſtory of Achilles's being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages; for had he been ſo, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. Euſtathius.

So from ſome deep grown wood the panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds,
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd jav'lin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he ſtood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus beſpoke the foe.

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.

He ſaid: with matchleſs force the jav'lin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' æthereal arms.
Then fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow.

But jealous of his fame Apollo ſhrouds
The God-like Trojan in a veil of clouds:
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe,
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies:
Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore:

℣. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,* etc.] The poet makes a double uſe of this fiction of Apollo's deceiving Achilles in the ſhape of Agenor; by theſe means he draws him from the purſuit, and gives the Trojans time to enter the city, and at the ſame time brings Agenor handſomely off from the combate. The moral of this fable is, that deſtiny would not yet ſuffer Troy to fall.

Euſtathius fancies that the occaſion of the fiction might be this: Agenor fled from Achilles to the banks of Xanthus, and might there conceal himſelf from the purſuer behind ſome covert that grew on the ſhores; this perhaps might be the whole of the ſtory. So plain a narration would have paſſed in the mouth of an hiſtorian, but the poet dreſſes it in fiction, and tells us that Apollo (or Deſtiny) concealed him in a cloud from the ſight of his enemy.

The ſame author farther obſerves, that Achilles by an unſeaſonable piece of vain-glory, in purſuing a ſingle enemy, gives time to a whole army to eſcape: he neither kills Agenor, nor overtakes the Trojans.

While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy.
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who 'ſcap'd by flight, or who by battel fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take: but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combate, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;

It is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book: the heroes of the two

There ſafe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector ſingly ſtay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fixt he ſtood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The pow'r confeſt in all his glory burns)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a Godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:

armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battels have been but ſo many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of Greece and Troy is to be decided by the ſword of Achilles and Hector.

This is the book, which of the whole Iliad appears to me the moſt charming. It aſſembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: Terror and Pity are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not ſenſible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taſte, or the tranſlator of all ſkill, in poetry.

Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.
  The chief incens'd——Too partial God of day!
To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
How few in Ilion elſe had refuge found?
What gaſping numbers now had bit the ground?
Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
Pow'rful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.
  Then to the city terrible and ſtrong,
With high and haughty ſteps he tow'r'd along.
So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field,
The careful eyes of Priam firſt beheld.
Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight
Thro' the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night

℣. 37. *Not half ſo dreadful riſes*, etc.] With how much dreadful pomp is Achilles here introduced! how noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the deſolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one ſimile!

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their ſon: that is ſucceeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of Hector, all on fire, obſtinately bent on death, and expecting Achilles; admirably painted in the ſimile of the ſnake rolled up in his den, and collect-

Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries;
The ſon, reſolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gates expects the war:
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.

Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt braveſt ſon!

ing his poiſons: and indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contraſt, and oppoſition of the *moving* and of the *terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other: I cannot find words to expreſs how ſo great beauties affect me.

℣. 51. *The ſpeech of Priam to Hector.*] The poet has entertained us all along with various ſcenes of ſlaughter and horror: he now changes to the pathetic, and fills the mind of the reader with tender ſorrows. Euſtathius obſerves that Priam preludes to his words by actions expreſſive of miſery: the unhappy orator introduces his ſpeech to Hector with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The father and the king plead with Hector to preſerve his life and his country. He repreſents his own age, and the loſs of many of his children; and adds, that if Hector falls, he ſhould then be inconſolable, and the empire of Troy at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in Homer, to make the fall of Troy to depend upon the death of Hector:

Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd:
Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures would I give?
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Conſign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
But if (which heav'n forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt;
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I? unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee.

the poet does not openly tell us, that Troy was taken by the Greeks; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to underſtand in this ſpeech, that the city was taken, and that Priam, his wives, his ſons, and daughters, were either killed or made ſlaves.

Yet ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thy ſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!
Save thy dear life; or if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)
Great Jove has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!

℣. 76. *Enter yet the wall, And ſpare,* etc.] The argument that Priam uſes (ſays Euſtathius) to induce Hector to ſecure himſelf in Troy is remarkable: he draws it not from Hector's fears, nor does he tell him that he is to ſave his own life: but he inſiſts upon ſtronger motives: he tells him he may preſerve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther perſuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

℣. 90. *My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor.*] Cruelties which the Barbarians uſually exerciſed in the ſacking of towns. Thus Iſaiah foretells to Babylon that her children ſhall be daſhed in pieces before her eyes by the Medes. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And David ſays to the ſame city, *happy ſhall he be that taketh and daſheth thy little ones againſt the ſtones.*

Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
The last sad relick of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well;
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm!
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!

stones. Psal. cxxxvii. 9. And in the prophet Hosea, xiii. 16. *Their infants shall be dashed in pieces.* Dacier.

℣. 102. *But when the fates,* etc.] Nothing can be more moving than the image which Homer gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust. The old man, it is certain, touches us most, and several reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakness, prayers and tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid nature. Dacier.

He ſaid, and acting what no words could ſay,
Rent from his head the ſilver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
And thus, faſt-falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid.
Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;

℣. 114. *The ſpeech of Hecuba.*] The ſpeech of Hecuba opens with as much tenderneſs as that of Priam: the circumſtance in particular of her ſhewing that breaſt to her ſon which had ſuſtained his infancy, is highly moving: it is a ſilent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to liſten, by prepoſſeſſing the eye in favour of the ſpeaker.

Euſtathius takes notice of the difference between the ſpeeches of Priam and Hecuba: Priam diſſuades him from the combate, by enumerating not only the loſs of his own family, but of his whole country: Hecuba dwells entirely upon his ſingle death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make Priam a father to his whole country; but to deſcribe the fondneſs of the mother as prevailing over all other conſiderations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious ſtroke in Milton, with regard to the ſeveral characters of Adam and Eve. When the angel is driving them both out of paradiſe, Adam grieves that he muſt leave a place where he had converſed with God and his angels; but Eve laments that ſhe ſhall never more behold the flowers of Eden. Here Adam mourns like a man, and Eve like a woman.

Ah do not thus our helpleſs years forego,
But by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Should'ſt thou (but heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed,
Nor muſt thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul:
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood, and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind.

Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recall:

℣. 138. *The Soliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatneſs in the ſentiments of this whole ſoliloquy. Hector prefers death to an ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with diſhonour. The reproach of Polydamas affects him; the ſcandals of the meaneſt people have an influence on his thoughts.

It is remarkable that he does not ſay, he fears the inſults of the braver Trojans, but of the moſt worthleſs

Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late,

only. Men of merit are always the moſt candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themſelves. They cannot bear that any one ſhould be ſo bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the leaſt miſcarriage. This ſentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and ſenſible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this ſpeech. Hector's mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breaſt, and conſulting what method to purſue: he doubts if he ſhould not propoſe terms of peace to Achilles, and grants him very large conceſſions; but of a ſudden he checks himſelf, and leaves the ſentence unfiniſhed. The paragraph runs thus; "If, ſays Hector, I ſhould offer him the largeſt "conditions, give all that Troy contains"—There he ſtops, and immediately ſubjoins, "But why do I delude "myſelf, *etc.*

It is evident from this ſpeech, that the power of making peace was in Hector's hands: for unleſs Priam had transferred it to him, he could not have made theſe propoſitions. So that it was Hector who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very ſame conditions were propoſed by Agamemnon.) It is Hector therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the Greeks and Trojans in blood. This conduct in Homer was neceſſary; he obſerves a poetical juſtice, and ſhews that Hector is a criminal, before he brings him to death. Euſtathius.

℣. 140. *Shall proud Polydamas*, etc.] Hector alludes to the counſel given him by Polydamas in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: it was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themſelves there, before Achilles returned to the battel.

Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No——if I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife with-held, the treasure ill-detain'd,
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?

We greet not here, as man converſing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain:

℣. 167. *We greet not here, as man converſing man,*
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain, etc.]
The words literally are theſe, "*There is no talking with* Achilles, ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης, *from an oak, or from a rock*, [or about an oak or a rock] *as a young man and a maiden talk together*. It is thought an obſcure paſſage, though I confeſs I am either too fond of my own explication in the above cited verſes, or they make it a very clear one. "There is no converſing with this "implacable enemy in the rage of battel; as when "ſauntring people talk at leiſure to one another on the "road, or when young men and women meet in a "field." I think the expoſition of Euſtathius more far-fetched, though it be ingenious; and therefore I muſt do him the juſtice not to ſuppreſs it. It was a common practice, ſays he, with the heathens, to expoſe ſuch children as they either could not, or would not educate: the places where they depoſited them, were uſually in the cavities of *rocks*, or the hollow of *oaks*: theſe children being frequently found and preſerved by ſtrangers, were ſaid to be the offspring of thoſe oaks, or rocks where they were found. This gave occaſion to the poets to feign that men were born of *oaks*, and there was a famous fable too of Deucalion and Pyrrha's repairing mankind by caſting *ſtones* behind them: it grew at laſt into a proverb, to ſignify idle tales; ſo that in the preſent paſſage it imports, that Achilles *will not liſten to ſuch idle tales as may paſs with ſilly maids and fond lovers*. For fables and ſtories (and particularly ſuch ſtories as the preſervation, ſtrange fortune, and adventures of expoſed children) are the uſual converſation of young men and maidens. Euſtathius's explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the Odyſſey; where the poet ſays,

No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our buſineſs, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine heav'n!
  Thus pond'ring, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendours ſhone
Like Jove's own light'ning, or the riſing ſun.
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrors riſe,
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies.

Οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἔσσι παλαιφάτυ, ὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης.

The meaning of which paſſage is plainly this, *Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not, according to the old ſtory, deſcended from an* oak *or a* rock. Where the word παλαιφάτυ ſhews that this was become an ancient proverb even in Homer's days.

℣. 180. *Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not moſt readers are ſhocked at the flight of Hector: it is indeed a high exaltation of Achilles (who was the poet's chief hero) that ſo brave a man as Hector durſt not ſtand him. While Achilles was at a diſtance he had fortified his heart with noble reſolutions, but at his approach they all vaniſh, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as ſome may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for diſtance, as it leſſens all objects, ſo it does our fears: but where inevitable danger approaches, the ſtouteſt hearts will feel ſome apprehenſions at certain fate. It was the ſaying of one of the braveſt men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain dan-*

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind:
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

ger, and I ſhall be as much afraid as any of you. I do not abſolutely pretend to juſtify this paſſage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that Hector was in this deſperate circumſtance.

Firſt, It will not be found in the whole Iliad, that Hector ever thought himſelf a match for Achilles. Homer (to keep this in our minds) had juſt now made Priam tell him, as a thing known (for certainly Priam would not inſult him at that time) that there was no compariſon between his own ſtrength, and that of his antagoniſt:

----------------ἐπειὴ πολὺ φέρτερός ἐςιν.

Secondly, We may obſerve with Dacier, the degrees by which Homer prepares this incident. In the 18th book the mere ſight and voice of Achilles unarmed, has terrified and put the whole Trojan army into diſorder. In the 19th the very ſound of the celeſtial arms given him by Vulcan, has affrighted his own Myrmidons as they ſtand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing Æneas, and Hector himſelf was not ſaved from him but by Apollo's interpoſing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible ſlaughter of all that oppoſe him, he overtakes moſt of thoſe that fly from him, and Priam himſelf opens the gates of Troy to receive the reſt.

Thirdly, Hector ſtays, not that he hopes to overcome Achilles, but becauſe ſhame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a ſhame (ſays Euſtathius) which was a fault that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, Homer adds farther, that he only ſtayed by the immediate *will of heaven,* intoxicated and irreſiſtibly bound down by *fate.*

Ἕκτορα δ' ἀυτῦ μεῖναι ὀλοὴ μοῖρ' ἐπέδησεν.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The swiftest race of the liquid skies)

Fourthly, He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintained; his spirits are depressed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandoned by the Gods, (as he directly says in ỳ. 300, etc. of the Greek, and 385. of the translation) so that he might say to Achilles what Turnus does to Æneas,

Dii *me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.*

This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of Hector. He flies not from Achilles as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by Minerva, and one who had put to flight the inferior Gods themselves. This is not cowardice, according to the constant principles of Homer, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the supreme being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffered the courage of Hector intirely to forsake him even in this extremity: a brave man's soul is still capable of rouzing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly Hector, though delivered over to his destiny, abandoned by the gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks Achilles; when he loses his spear, he draws his sword: it was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

If the reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that Virgil had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost intirely to the death of Turnus; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents; but doubtless he was touched with

Juſt when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
With open beak and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings:

this epiſode, as with one of thoſe which intereſt us moſt of the whole Iliad, by a ſpectacle at once ſo terrible, and ſo deplorable. I muſt alſo add the ſuffrage of Ariſtotle, who was ſo far from looking upon this paſſage as ridiculous or blameable, that he eſteemed it marvellous and admirable. " The *wonderful*, ſays he, ought to have " place in tragedy, but ſtill more in epic poetry, which " proceeds in this point even to the unreaſonable: for " as in epic poems one ſees not the perſons acting, ſo " whatever paſſes the bounds of reaſon is proper to pro- " duce the admirable and the marvellous. For exam- " ple, what Homer ſays of Hector purſued by Achilles, " would appear ridiculous on the ſtage; for the ſpecta- " tors could not forbear laughing to ſee on one ſide the " Greeks ſtanding without any motion, and on the o- " ther Achilles purſuing Hector, and making ſigns to " the troops not to dart at him. But all this does not " appear when we read the poem: for what is wonder- " ful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find " that they who relate any thing, uſually add ſomething " to the truth, that it may the better pleaſe thoſe who " hear it."

The ſame great critic vindicates this paſſage in the chapter following. " A poet, ſays he, is inexcuſable " if he introduces ſuch things as are impoſſible accord- " ing to the rules of poetry: but this ceaſes to be a " fault, if by thoſe means he attains to the end pro- " poſed; for he has then brought about what he intend- " ed: for example, if he renders by it any part of his " poem more aſtoniſhing or admirable. Such is the " place in the Iliad, where Achilles purſues Hector." Ariſt. poet. chap. 25, 26.

No leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd:
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;

℣. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] Strabo blames Homer for ſaying that one of the ſources of Scamander was a warm fountain; whereas (ſays he) there is but one ſpring, and that cold, neither is this in the place where Homer fixes it, but in the mountain. It is obſerved by Euſtathius, that though this was not true in Strabo's days, yet it might in Homer's, greater changes having happened in leſs time than that which paſſed between thoſe two authors. Sandys, who was both a geographer and critic of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witneſs, that there are yet ſome hot-water ſprings in that part of the country, oppoſite to Tenedos. I cannot but think that gentleman muſt have been particularly diligent and curious in his inquiries into the remains of a place ſo celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the moſt learned, but one of the beſt poets of his time: I am glad of this occaſion to do his memory ſo much juſtice as to ſay, the Engliſh verſification owes much of its improvement to his tranſlations, and eſpecially that admirable one of Job. What chiefly pleaſes me in this place, is to ſee the exact landſkip of old Troy; we have a clear idea of the town itſelf, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is ſet before our eyes.

This hot thro' ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter-ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By theſe they paſt, one chaſing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, purſu'd by ſtronger might)
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when ſome hero's fun'rals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or ſome lovely dame)
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectator's ſoul.
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky:

℣. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the ſky.*] We have here an inſtance of the great judgment of Homer. The death of Hector being the chief action of the poem; he aſſembles the gods, and calls a council in heaven concerning it: it is for the ſame reaſon that he repreſents Jupiter with the greateſt ſolemnity weighing in his ſcales the fates of the two heroes: I have before obſerved

To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The ſire of mortals and immortals ſpoke.

Unworthy ſight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,

obſerved at large upon the laſt circumſtance in a preceding note, ſo that there is no occaſion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion, it is a very neceſſary obſervation, and ſhews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greateſt and finiſhing action of the poem of ſuch importance that it engages the gods in debates.

ỷ. 226. *From Ida's ſummits*——] It was the cuſtom of the Pagans to ſacrifice to the gods upon the hills and mountains, in ſcripture language upon the *high places*, for they were perſuaded that the gods in a particular manner inhabited ſuch eminences: wherefore God ordered his people to deſtroy all thoſe high places, which the nations had prophaned by their idolatry. *You ſhall utterly deſtroy all the places wherein the nations which you ſhall poſſeſs ſerved their gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.* Deut. xii. 2. It is for this reaſon that ſo many kings are reproached in ſcripture for not *taking away the high places*. Dacier.

Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?
 Then Pallas thus: ſhall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
 Go then (return'd the ſire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.
 As thro' the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.

℣. 249. *Thus ſtep by ſtep*, etc.] There is ſome difficulty in this paſſage, and it ſeems ſtrange that Achilles could not overtake Hector whom he excelled ſo much in ſwiftneſs, eſpecially when the poet deſcribes him as running in a narrower circle than Hector. Euſtathius gives us many ſolutions from the ancients; Homer has already told us that they run for the life of Hector; and conſequently Hector would exert his utmoſt ſpeed, whereas Achilles might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: beſides, Achilles could not directly purſue him, becauſe he frequently made efforts to

Oft' as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhow'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft' Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in ſlumbers ſeem with ſpeedy pace
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace,
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake.

ſhelter himſelf under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more ſteps than Hector. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that Apollo gave him a ſupernatural ſwiftneſs.

ℽ. 257. *As men in ſlumbers.*] This beautiful compariſon has been condemned by ſome of the ancients, even ſo far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the Iliad: they ſay the diction is mean, and the ſimilitude itſelf abſurd, becauſe it compares the ſwiftneſs of the heroes to men aſleep, who are in a ſtate of reſt and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundleſs criticiſm: the poet is ſo far from drawing his compariſon from the repoſe of men aſleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy that he deſcribes; and ſurely the imagination is nimble enough to illuſtrate the greateſt degree of ſwiftneſs: beſides the verſes themſelves run with the utmoſt rapidity, and imitate the ſwiftneſs they deſcribe. Euſtathius.

What ſufficiently proves theſe verſes to be genuine, is, that Virgil has imitated them, Æn. 12.

Ac veluti in ſomnis——

No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain:
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.
  What God, O muse! assisted Hector's force,
With fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with pow'r:
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

℣. 269. *Sign'd to the troops, etc.*] The difference which Homer here makes between Hector and Achilles deserves to be taken notice of; Hector is running away towards the walls, to the end that the Trojans who are upon them may overwhelm Achilles with their darts; and Achilles in turning Hector towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of Achilles. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; Plutarch in the life of Pompey gives us to understand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory: indeed this is not a single combate of Achilles against Hector, (for in that case Achilles would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assaulting him) this was a rencounter in a battel, and so Achilles might, and ought to take all advantages to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the public weal, and the safety of all the Greeks, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? I grant it is a fault, but it

Jove lifts the golden balances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their deſtinies.
Low ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To ſtern Pelides, and triumphing, cries:
Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
And conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
Drunk with renown, inſatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of light.

muſt be owned to be the fault of a hero. Euſtathius. Dacier.

℣. 277. *Then Phœbus left him*——] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of deſcribing a plain circumſtance: the hour of Hector's death was now come, and the poet expreſſes it by ſaying that Apollo, or Deſtiny, forſakes him: that is, the fates no longer protect him. Euſtathius.

℣. *Id.*——*Fierce Minerva flies To ſtern Pelides*, etc.] The poet may ſeem to diminiſh the glory of Achilles, by aſcribing the victory over Hector to the aſſiſtance of Pallas; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of Achilles: but poetry loves to raiſe every thing into a wonder; it ſteps out of the common road of narration, and aims to ſurprize; and the poet would farther inſinuate that it is a greater glory to Achilles to be beloved by the gods, than to be only excellent in valour: for many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. Euſtathius.

See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove;
Rest here: my self will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.
  Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deiphobus the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.
  Too long, O Hector! have I born the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight;
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
  Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!

℣. 290. *Obey'd; and rested.*] The whole passage where Pallas deceives Hector is evidently an allegory: Achilles perceiving that he cannot overtake Hector, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy: this the poet expresses by saying that Pallas, or Wisdom, came to assist Achilles. Hector observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage, and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived: thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; so that his own *false judgment* is the *treacherous* Pallas that deceives him. Eustathius.

Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.
   Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.
   Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.
   Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.

℣. 317. *The speeches of Hector and of Achilles.*] There is an opposition between these speeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes: that of Hector is full of courage, but mixt with humanity: that of Achilles, of resentment and arrogance: we see the great Hector disposing of his own remains, and that thirst of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as Eustathius observes, that what once was Hector may not be dishonoured: thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speeches of Hector. But in that of Achilles there is a *fierte*, and an insolent air of superiority; his magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory, he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon Hector with his own hand,

But now ſome God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battel let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate,
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life,
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corps purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.
  Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flaſh'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:

and forbade the Greeks to interpoſe, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably ſuſtained, and though Achilles be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmoſt abſurdity to have ſoftened one line upon this occaſion, when the ſoul of Achilles was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend Patroclus. I muſt deſire the reader to carry this obſervation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where Achilles ſays he could eat the very fleſh of Hector; (though I have a little ſoftened it in the tranſlation,) ℣. 438.

Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the Gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
'Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

He ſpoke, and lanc'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector ſhun'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

The life you boaſted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſt. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (preſumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrors ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;

I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!
The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deiphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deiphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo——heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deiphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed,
Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above,
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! then welcome fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!
Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.

So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare,
Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares,
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies, to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:

ỳ. 391. *So Jove's bold bird*, etc.] The poet takes up ſome time in deſcribing the two great heroes before they cloſe in fight. The verſes are pompous and magnificent, and he illuſtrates his deſcription with two beautiful ſimiles: he makes a double uſe of this conduct, which not only raiſes our imagination to attend to ſo momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of Hector or Achilles.

ỳ. 409. *Thro' that penetrable part Furious he drove*, etc.] It was neceſſary that the poet ſhould be very par-

Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries.
  At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory lay'd.
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
  Then Hector fainting at th' approach of death.
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſoothe a father's and a mother's woe;

ticular in this point, becauſe the arms that Hector wore, were the arms of Achilles, taken from Patroclus; and conſequently as they were the work of Vulcan, they would preſerve Hector from the poſſibility of a wound: the poet therefore to give an air of probability to his ſtory, tells us that they were Patroclus's arms, and as they were not made for Hector, they might not exactly fit his body: ſo that it is not improbable but there might be ſome place about the neck of Hector ſo open, as to admit the ſpear of Achilles. Euſtathius.

Let

Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
  No, wretch accurſt; relentleſs he replies,
(Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhou'd bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No——to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;

℣. 347. *Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!*] I have before hinted that there is ſomething very fierce and violent in this paſſage; but I fancy that what I there obſerved will juſtify Homer in his relation, though not Achilles in his ſavage ſentiments: yet the poet ſoftens the expreſſion by making Achilles only wiſh that his *heart would permit him* to devour him; this is much more tolerable than a paſſage in the Thebais of Statius, where Tydeus in the very pangs of death is repreſented as gnawing the head of his enemy.

℣. 439. *Should Troy, to bribe me,* etc.] Such reſolutions as Achilles here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells Hector that no motives ſhall ever prevail with him to ſuffer his body to be ranſomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had ſomewhat ſatisfied his revenge by inſulting his remains, he reſtores them to Priam. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where at firſt he gives a rough denial, and afterwards ſoftens into an eaſier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of Achilles; his anger abates very ſlowly; it is ſtubborn, yet ſtill it remits: had the poet drawn him as never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not repreſented his hero as a man, but as a monſter. Euſtathius.

Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm to buy one ſun'ral flame:
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry Gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.

He ceas'd. The fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffened at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!

Achilles, muſing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.
Die thou the firſt! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee——He ſaid, and ſtripp'd the ſlain.

℣. 449. *A day will come*——] Hector *propheſies* at his death that Achilles ſhall fall by the hand of Paris. This confirms an obſervation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether ſuch conjectures are true or falſe, it appears from hence, that ſuch opinions have prevailed in the world above three thouſand years.

Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrace.
" How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
" Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"
  High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;

℣. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds,* etc.] Euſtathius tells us that Homer introduces the ſoldiers wounding the dead body of Hector, in order to mitigate the cruelties which Achilles exerciſes upon it. For if every common ſoldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what inſults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed Achilles? But I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to vindicate the poet in giving us ſuch an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy ſhould have been ſo far from moving them to revenge, that it ſhould have recommended him to their eſteem: what Achilles afterwards acts is ſuitable to his character, and conſequently the poet is juſtified; but ſurely all the Greeks were not of his temper? Patroclus was not ſo dear to them all, as he was to Achilles. It is true, the poet repreſents Achilles (as Euſtathius obſerves) enumerating the many ills they had ſuffered from Hector; and ſeems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his reſentment. Had Hector been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation againſt him: but theſe men ſeem as if they only dared approach him dead; in ſhort, what they ſay over his body is a mean inſult, and the ſtabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

And thus aloud, while all the host attends.
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deserted tow'rs
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, of glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,
Divine Patroclus! death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!

℣. 474. *The speech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine observation of Eustathius on this place, that the judgment and address of Homer here is extremely worthy of remark: he knew, and had often said, that the gods and fate had not granted Achilles the glory of taking Troy: there was then no reason to make him march against the town after the death of Hector, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjuncture? It was but reasonable that the first thought of Achilles should be to march directly to Troy, and to profit himself of the general consternation into which the death of Hector had thrown the Trojans. We here see he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great general; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and derives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devoirs to his friend. The manners of Achilles, and what he has already done for Patroclus, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetic has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives that Achilles is still a man, and capable of softer passions.

Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corps of Hector, and your Pæans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow-moving tow'rd the ſhore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead)

℣. 494. "*Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.*"] I have followed the opinion of Euſtathius, who thought that what Achilles ſays here was the *chorus* or burden of a *ſong* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combate. Dacier obſerves that this is very correſpondent to the manners of thoſe times; and inſtances in that paſſage of the book of Kings, when David returns from the conqueſt of Goliah: the women there go out to meet him from all the cities of Iſrael, and ſing a triumphal ſong, the *chorus* whereof is, *Saul has killed his thouſands, and David his ten thouſands.*

℣. 496. *Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of Achilles in dragging the dead body of Hector, has been ſeverely (and I think indeed not without ſome juſtice) cenſured by ſeveral, both ancients and moderns. Plato in his third book *de republica*, ſpeaks of it with deteſtation: but methinks it is a great injuſtice to Homer, to reflect upon the morals of the author himſelf, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.

It may juſtly be obſerved in general of all Plato's objections againſt Homer, that they are ſtill in a view to morality, conſtantly blaming him for repreſenting ill and immortal things as the opinions or actions of his perſons. To every one of theſe, one general anſwer will ſerve, which is, that Homer as often deſcribes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them, (which is the caſe with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently ſhews the injuſtice of Plato's cenſure, is, that many of thoſe very actions for which he blames him, are expreſly characterized and marked by Homer himſelf as evil and deteſtable, by previous expreſſions or cautions. Thus in the preſent place, before he deſcribes this barbarity of Achilles, he tells us it was a moſt unworthy action.

--------Καὶ Ἕκτορα δῖον ἀεικέα μήδετο ἔργα.

When Achilles ſacrifices the twelve young Trojans in l. 23. he repeats the ſame words. When Pandarus broke the truce in l. 4. he told us it was a mad, unjuſt deed;

---------------τῷ δὲ φρένας ἄφρονι πεῖθεν.

And ſo of the reſt.

Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long deſcending hair
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land!
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along!
The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey;
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.
With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe.
No leſs than if the rage of hoſtile fires
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,

ỳ. 506. *The face divine, and long-deſcending hair.*] It is impoſſible to read the actions of great men without having our curioſity raiſed to know the leaſt circumſtance that relates to them. Homer, to ſatisfy it, has taken care in the proceſs of his poem to give us the ſhape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that Achilles's locks were yellow, and here the epithet Κυάνεαι ſhews us that thoſe of Hector were of a darker colour: as to his perſon, he told us a little above, that it was ſo handſome, that all the Greeks were ſurprized to ſee it. Plutarch recites a remarkable ſtory of the beauty of Hector: it was reported in Lacedæmon, that a handſome youth who very much reſembled Hector was arrived there; immediately the whole city run in ſuch numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud. Euſtathius.

O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
Imploring all, and naming one by one.
Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and misery,
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last: thy loss (divinely brave)
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.

℣. 543. *Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.*] It is in the Greek,

Οὗ μ' ἄχος ὀξὺ κατοίσεται ἄϊδος εἴσω.

It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos* the wretched father laments his son

Oh had thy gentle ſpirit paſt in peace,
The ſon expiring in the ſire's embrace,
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhow'r!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.

Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
Oh Hector! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her God!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;

Hector: it is impoſſible not to join with Priam in his ſorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almoſt word for word the ſame with that of the patriarch Jacob; who upon a like occaſion breaks out into the ſame complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his ſon Benjamin, they will *bring down his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave.*

ỳ. 563, *etc.*] The grief of Andromache, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praiſes that can be given it; but I muſt take notice of

As yet no meſſenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Here fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her Lord's return:
In vain: alas! her Lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls.
Ah follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'Tis ſure my mother's voice.
My fault'ring knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart.
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate
(Ye Gods avert it) threats the Trojan ſtate.

one particular which ſhews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of Hector appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to increaſe her affliction by *ſurprize:* it is finely prepared by the circumſtances of her being retired to her innermoſt apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her huſband, (as may be conjectured from what ſhe ſays afterward, ℣. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: all which (as the critics have obſerved) augment the ſurprize, and render this reverſe of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,

℣. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*] Euſtathius remarks, that in ſpeaking of Andromache and Hecuba, Homer expatiates upon the ornaments of dreſs in Andromache, becauſe ſhe was a beautiful young princeſs; but is very conciſe about that of Hecuba, becauſe ſhe was old, and wore a dreſs rather ſuitable to her age and gravity, than to her ſtate, birth, and condition. I cannot paſs over a matter of ſuch importance as a lady's dreſs, without endeavouring to explain what ſort of heads were worn above three thouſand years ago.

It is difficult to deſcribe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I ſhall lay before my female readers the biſhop's explanation. The ἄμπυξ was uſed,

The veil and diadem, flew far away;
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
Around a train of weeping sisters stands
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd again,
She faints, or but recovers to complain.
O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aetion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?

τὸ τὰς ἐμπροσθίας τρίχας ἀναδεῖν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the forepart of the head: the Κεκρύφαλος was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when it was so tied: Ἀναδέσμη was an ornament used κύκλῳ περὶ τὺς κροτάφυς ἀναδεῖν, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the Κρήδεμνον was a fillet, perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expression of χρυσῆ Ἀφροδίτη) that bound the whole, and compleated the dress.

The ladies cannot but be pleased to see so much learning and Greek upon this important subject.

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: what Andromache here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but Andromache: there is nothing general in her sorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: the mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband.

Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom!
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:

℣. 628. *The day, that to the ſhades*, etc.] The following verſes, which ſo finely deſcribe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by ſome ancient critics: it is a proof there were always critics of no manner of taſte; it being impoſſible any where to meet with a more exquiſite paſſage. I will venture to ſay, there are not in all Homer any lines more worthy of him: the beauty of this tender and compaſſionate image is ſuch, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the Iliad is too much ſtained. Theſe cenſurers imagined this deſcription to be of too abject and mean a nature of one of the quality of Aſtyanax; but had they conſidered (ſays Euſtathius) that theſe are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her ſon; that women are by nature timorous, and think all miſfortunes will happen, becauſe there is a poſſibility that they may; that Andromache is in the very height of her ſorrows, in the inſtant ſhe is ſpeaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinion.

He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! heedleſs they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Be gone! thy father feaſts not here:"
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they ſink us in a moment from the higheſt flow of proſperity to the loweſt adverſity: the poet judiciouſly makes uſe of this circumſtance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmoſt tenderneſs, lamenting this reverſe of fortune in her ſon; changed all at once into a ſlave, a beggar, an orphan! have we not examples in our own times of unhappy princes, whoſe condition renders this of Aſtyanax but too probable?

ỳ. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the Greek, "Who "upon his father's knees, uſed to eat marrow and the "fat of ſheep." This would ſeem groſs if it were literally tranſlated, but it is a figurative expreſſion; in

And when ſtill ev'ning gave him up to reſt,
Sunk ſoft in down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt—ah what muſt he not? Whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector, ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy conſort's care,
Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.

the ſtyle of the orientals, marrow and fatneſs are taken for whatever is beſt, tendereſt, and moſt delicious. Thus in Job xxi. 24. *Viſcera ejus plena ſunt adipe, et medullis oſſa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies autem menſæ tuæ erit plena pinguedine.* In Jer. xxxi. 14. God ſays, that he will ſatiate the ſoul of the prieſts with fatneſs. *Inebriabo animam ſacerdotum pinguedine.* Dacier.

℣. 657. *The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itſelf to a woman, who repreſents to herſelf the body of her huſband daſhed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known, that it was anciently the cuſtom among princeſſes and great ladies to have large quantities of ſtuffs and moveables. This proviſion was more neceſſary in thoſe times than now, becauſe of the great conſumption made of them on thoſe occaſions of mourning. Dacier.

I am of opinion that Homer had a farther view in expatiating thus largely upon the death of Hector. Every word that Hecuba, Priam, and Andromache ſpeak, ſhews us the importance of Hector: every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the ſame time repreſents the ſad effects of the anger of Achilles, which is the ſubject of it.

Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!

So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combate, the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea shore.

THUS humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Thro' the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:

This, and the following book, which contain the deſcription of the funeral of Patroclus and other matters relating to Hector, are undoubtedly ſuper-added to the grand cataſtrophe of the poem; for the ſtory is compleatly finiſhed with the death of that hero in the twenty-ſecond book. Many judicious critics have been of opinion, that Homer is blameable for protracting it. Virgil cloſes the whole ſcene of action with the death of Turnus, and leaves the reſt to be imagined by the mind of the reader: he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it ſo far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be ſaid in favour of Homer, which may perhaps juſtify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *anger of* Achilles: and as that anger does not die with Hector, but perſecutes his very remains, ſo the poet ſtill keeps up to his ſubject; nay, it ſeems to require that he ſhould carry down the relation of that reſentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully ſatisfied: and as this ſurvives Hector, and gives the poet an opportunity of ſtill ſhewing many ſad effects of Achilles's anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excreſcencies, but eſſential to the poem.

Virgil had been inexcuſable had he trod in Homer's footſteps; for it is evident that the fall of Turnus, by giving Æneas a full power over Italy, anſwers the whole deſign and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overſhot his mark: and though Homer proceeds after Hector's death, yet the ſubject is ſtill the *anger of* Achilles.

We are now paſt the war and violence of the Ilias, the ſcenes of blood are cloſed during the reſt of the

The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds.
Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Releaſe your ſmoking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
Ere yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.

poem; we may look back with a pleaſing kind of horror upon the anger of Achilles, and ſee what dire effects it has wrought in the compaſs of nineteen days: Troy and Greece are both in mourning for it, heaven and earth, gods and men, have ſuffered in the conflict. The reader ſeems landed upon the ſhore after a violent ſtorm; and has leiſure to ſurvey the conſequences of the tempeſt, and the wreck occaſioned by the former commotions, Troy weeping for Hector, and Greece for Patroclus. Our paſſions have been in an agitation ſince the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like ſome great maſter in muſic, ſoftens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderneſs and pity.

℣. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew,*
——————Thetis aids their woe——]
It is not eaſy to give a reaſon why Thetis ſhould be ſaid to excite the grief of the Myrmidons and of Achilles; it had ſeemed more natural for the mother to have com-

For ſuch a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.

poſed the ſorrows of the ſon, and reſtored his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But ſuch a procedure would have outraged the character of Achilles, who is all along deſcribed to be of ſuch a violence of temper, that he is not eaſy to be pacified at any time, much leſs upon ſo great an incident as the death of his friend Patroclus. Perhaps the poet made uſe of this fiction in honour of Achilles; he makes every paſſion of his hero conſiderable; his ſorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a goddeſs attends him, and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that Homer animates the very ſands of the ſea, and the arms of the Myrmidons, and makes them ſenſible of the loſs of Patroclus; the preceding words ſeem to ſtrengthen that opinion, becauſe the poet introduces a goddeſs to raiſe the ſorrow of the army. But Euſtathius ſeems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciouſly; for what relation is there between the ſands of the ſhores, and the arms of the Myrmidons? It would have been more poetical to have ſaid, the ſands and the rocks, than the ſands and the arms; but it is very natural to ſay, that the ſoldiers wept ſo bitterly, that their armour and the very ſands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very juſt by reading the verſe, with a comma after τεύχεα, thus,

> Δεύοντο ψάμαθοι, δεύοντο δὲ τεύχεα, φωτῶν
> Δάκρυσι.

Then the conſtruction will be natural and eaſy, period will anſwer period in the Greek, and the ſenſe in Engliſh will be, the ſands were wet, and the arms were wet, with the tears of the mourners.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of the verſe in Homer, every word

But chief, Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid.

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſs I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant ſhall expire,
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,

has a melancholy cadence, and the poet has not only made the ſands and the arms, but even his very verſe, to lament with Achilles.

ỷ. 23. *His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid*
On his dead friend's cold breaſt——]
I could not paſs by this paſſage without obſerving to my reader the great beauty of this epithet, ἀνδροφόνους. An ordinary poet would have contented himſelf with ſaying, he laid his hand upon the breaſt of Patroclus; but Homer knows how to raiſe the moſt trivial circumſtance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a ſingle epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble atchievements of Achilles through the Iliad.

ỷ. 25. *All hail, Patroclus,* etc.] There is in this apoſtrophe of Achilles to the ghoſt of Patroclus, a ſort of ſavageneſs, and a mixture of ſoftneſs and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. Dacier.

Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmoaks aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire:
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies.
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd,
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warrior went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore.
No drop ſhall touch me, by almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the Gods above!
'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair.

ỳ. 51. *To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands——*
——The chief refus'd——]
This is conformable to the cuſtom of the orientals: Achilles will not be induced to waſh, and afterwards retires to the ſea-ſhore, and ſleeps on the ground. It is juſt thus that David mourns in the ſcriptures; he refuſes to waſh, or to take any repaſt, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
And bid the foreſts fall: (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumb'ring in eternal ſhade)
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd ſquadrons to their poſts retire.

He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, ſtretch'd along the ſhore
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows rore,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand:
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When lo! the ſhade before his cloſing eyes
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;

℣. 78. *The ghoſt of Patroclus.*] Homer has introduced into the former parts of the poem the perſonages of gods and goddeſſes from heaven, and of furies from hell. He has embelliſhed it with ornaments from earth, ſea, and air; and he here opens a new ſcene, and brings to the view a ghoſt, the ſhade of the departed friend: by theſe methods he diverſifies his poem with new and ſur-

In the ſame robe he living wore, he came,
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And ſleeps Achilles (thus the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air;
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
'Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting-place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.

prizing circumſtances, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the ſame time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumſtances of this imaginary Patroclus, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the ſtate of ſeparate ſouls.

℣. 92. *Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the ſouls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they ſuppoſed thoſe that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river; Virgil perhaps had this paſſage of Homer in his view in the ſixth Æneis, at leaſt he coincides with his ſentiments concerning the ſtate of the departed ſouls.

Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba eſt:
Nec ripas datur horrendas, nec rauca fluenta
Tranſportare prius, quam ſedibus oſſa quierunt;
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum;
Tum demum admiſſi ſtagna exoptata reviſunt.

It

Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend,
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known,
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they ſuppoſed the only time allowed for ſeparate ſpirits to appear to men; therefore Patroclus here tells his friend,

———To the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.

For the fuller underſtanding of Homer, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with his notion of the ſtate of the ſoul after death: he followed the philoſophy of the Ægyptians, who ſuppoſed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call φρὴν, or ψυχὴ the vehicle εἴδωλον, *image* or *ſoul*, and the groſs body σῶμα. The ſoul, in which the mind was lodged, was ſuppoſed exactly to reſemble the body in ſhape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body, as the ſtatue in its mold, ſo ſoon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was incloſed: this it was that appeared to Achilles, with the full reſemblance of his friend Patroclus. Vid. Dacier's life of Pythagoras, p. 71.

ỷ. 104. *Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine.*]

Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn thy goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou? (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.

There is ſomething very pathetical in this whole ſpeech of Patroclus; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames Achilles with a friendly tenderneſs; he recounts to him the inſeparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his laſt requeſt, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may reſt in the ſame urn. The ſpeech itſelf is of a due length; it ought not to be very ſhort, becauſe this apparition is an incident intirely different from any other in the whole poem, and conſequently the reader would not have been ſatisfied with a curſory mention of it; neither ought it to be long, becauſe this would have been contrary to the nature of ſuch apparitions, whoſe ſtay upon earth has ever been deſcribed as very ſhort, and conſequently they cannot be ſuppoſed to uſe many words.

The circumſtance of being buried in the ſame urn, is intirely conformable to the eaſtern cuſtom: there are innumerable inſtances in the ſcriptures of great perſonages being buried with their fathers: ſo Joſeph would not ſuffer his bones to reſt in Ægypt, but commands his brethren to carry them into Canaan, to the buryingplace of his father Jacob.

He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aerial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!

℣. 124. *The form ſubſiſts, without the body's aid,*
Aerial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade.]

The words of Homer are,

Ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἔνι πάμπαν.

In which there ſeems to be a great difficulty; it being not eaſy to explain how Achilles can ſay that the ghoſt of his friend had no underſtanding, when it had but juſt made ſuch a rational and moving ſpeech; eſpecially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very ſhape, air, and voice of Patroclus.

But this paſſage will be clearly underſtood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the ſouls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple diviſion of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagined that the ſoul was not only ſeparated from the body at the hour of death, but that there was a farther ſeparation of the φρὴν, or underſtanding, from its εἴδωλον, or vehicle; ſo that while the εἴδωλον, or image of the body, was in hell, the φρὴν or underſtanding might be in heaven: and that this is a true explication, is evident from a paſſage in the Odyſſey, book 11. ℣. 600.

This night my friend, ſo late in battel loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas! how diff'rent! yet how like the ſame!

Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears;
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.

> Τὸν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην, Ἡρακληείην
> Εἴδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι
> Τέρπεται ἐν θαλίης, καὶ ἔχει καλλίσφυρον Ἥβην.
>
> *Now I the ſtrength of Hercules* behold,
> *A tow'ring ſpectre of gigantic mold;*
> *A ſhadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes*
> *Himſelf reſides, a God among the Gods:*
> *There in the bright aſſemblies of the ſkies*
> *He Nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.*

By this it appears that Homer was of opinion that Hercules was in heaven, while his εἴδωλον, or image, was in hell: ſo that when this ſecond ſeparation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtleſs form.

We have this whole doctrine very diſtinctly delivered by Plutarch in theſe words: "Man is a compound ſubject; but not of two parts, as is commonly believed, "becauſe the *underſtanding* is generally accounted a "part of the *ſoul;* whereas indeed it as far exceeds the "ſoul, as the ſoul is diviner than the body. Now the "ſoul, when compounded with the underſtanding, "makes reaſon; and when compounded with the body, "paſſion: whereof the one is the ſource or principle "of pleaſure or pain, the other of vice or virtue. Man "therefore properly dies two deaths; the firſt death "makes him two of three, and the ſecond makes him "one of two." Plutarch, *of the face in the moon.*

But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band;
To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load,
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:

℣. 141. *O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go——*
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong—— ——]

The numbers in the original of this whole paſſage are admirably adapted to the images the verſes convey to us. Every ear muſt have felt the propriety of ſound in this line,

Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον.

The other in its kind is no leſs exact,

Τάμνον ἐπειγόμενοι, ταὶ δὲ μεγάλα κτυπέουσαι
Πίπτον——————

Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has collected many inſtances of theſe ſorts of beauties in Homer. This deſcription of felling the foreſts, ſo excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in Statius, one of the beſt (I think) in that author.

——Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæſa cupreſſus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta ſupremis,
Ornique, iliciæque trabes, metuandaque ſulco

Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſkockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the axe, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.

Taxus, et infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque ſitu non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, et odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonſa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhoſpita vitibus ulmus, etc.

I the rather cite this fine paſſage, becauſe I find it copied by two of the greateſt poets of our own nation, Chaucer and Spenſer. The firſt in the *aſſembly of fowls*, the ſecond in his *fairy queen*, lib. 1.

The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpin good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral.
The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets ſage; the fir that weepeth ſtill,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill,
The myrrh, ſweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holme, the maple ſeldom inward ſound.

The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the ſandy ſhore;
There on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoke along the plain;
Next theſe the melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw;
Achilles next, oppreſt with mighty woe,

ỳ. 160. *Each in refulgent arms*, etc.] It is not to be ſuppoſed that this was a general cuſtom uſed at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a ſoldier, with military honours. Euſtathius.

ỳ. 166. *O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw.*]
The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practiſed not only among the Greeks, but alſo among other nations; thus Statius Thebaid 6.

——Tergoque et pectore fuſam
Cæſariem ferro minuit, ſectiſque jacentis
Obnubit tenuia ora comis.

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.

This cuſtom is taken notice of in holy ſcripture: Ezekiel deſcribing a great lamentation, ſays, *They ſhall make themſelves utterly bald for thee*, ch. xxvii. ℣. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of ſorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, ſo was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

I muſt obſerve that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of ſorrow; Lycophron in his Caſſandra, ℣. 976. deſcribing a general lamentation, ſays,

Κρατὸς δ' ἄκυρος νῶτα καλλύνει φόβη.

A length of unſhorn hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients ſometimes had their hair cut off in token of *joy*, is evident from Juvenal, Sat. 12. ℣. 82.

——*Gaudent ibi vertice raſo*
Garrula ſecuri narrare pericula nautæ.

This ſeeming contradiction will be ſolved by having reſpect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general cuſtom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of ſorrow; but if it was the cuſtom to wear ſhort hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, ſhewed that ſuch people were mourners.

℣. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] Achilles follows the corpſe as chief mourner, and ſuſtains the head of his friend: this laſt circumſtance ſeems to be general; thus Euripides in the funeral of Rheſus, ℣. 886.

Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waſte.
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:

Τίς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς θεὸς, ὦ Βασιλεῦ,
Τὸν νεόδμητον ἐν χεροῖν
Φοράδην πέμπει;

What God, O king, with his hands ſupports the head of the deceaſed?

℣. 175. *And ſacred grew to Sperchius' honour'd flood.*] It was the cuſtom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewiſe to conſecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what Pauſanias ſhews in his Attics: *Before you paſs the Cephiſa* (ſays he) *you find the tomb of Theodorus, who was the moſt excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you ſee two ſtatues, one of Mneſimachus, and the other of his ſon, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers: for that this was in all ages the cuſtom of the Greeks, may be inferred from Homer's poetry, where Peleus promiſes by a ſolemn vow to conſecrate to the river Sperchius the hair of his ſon, if he returns ſafe from the Trojan war.* This cuſtom was likewiſe in Ægypt, where Philoſtratus tells us, that Memnon conſecrated his hair to the Nile. This practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the funeral of Hephæſtion. Spondanus.

Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bow'rs
The altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain;
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.

Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief.
Enough Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return:
While thoſe deputed to interr the ſlain,
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
High on the top the manly corſe they lay,
And well-fed ſheep, and ſable oxen ſlay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread.
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.

Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their Lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.

So ſpake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain:
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! ſhed:

℣. 228. *Celeſtial Venus*, etc.] Homer has here introduced a *ſeries* of allegories in the compaſs of a few lines: the body of Hector may be ſuppoſed to continue beautiful even after he was ſlain; and Venus being the preſident of beauty, the poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preſerved by that goddeſs.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: for the ſun (ſays Euſtathius) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it cauſes a dryneſs, but at the ſame time it exhales the vapours of the earth, ſrom whence the clouds

She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phœbus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh intire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide Achilles ſtood in pray'r,
Invok'd the Gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aerial pow'rs, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sate all the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites.
Not ſo, (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:

of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool ſeaſon while Hector lay unburied, and Apollo, or the ſun, raiſing clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very eaſy fiction in poetry may be introduced in perſon to preſerve the body of Hector.

Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feaſting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſt be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word, ſhe vaniſh'd from their view;
Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

℣. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to expreſs nothing vulgarly; and ſure no poet ever treſpaſſed leſs againſt this rule than Homer; the fruitfulneſs of his invention is continually raiſing incidents new and ſurpriſing. Take this paſſage out of its poetical dreſs, and it will be no more than this: a ſtrong gale of wind blew, and ſo increaſed the flame that it ſoon conſumed the pile. But Homer introduces the gods of the winds in perſon: and Iris, or the rain-bow, being (as Euſtathius obſerves) a ſign not only of ſhowers, but of winds, he makes them come at her ſummons.

Every circumſtance is well adapted: as ſoon as the winds ſee Iris, they riſe; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind riſes: ſhe refuſes to ſit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never ſeen long at one time, but ſoon appears, and ſoon vaniſhes: ſhe returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is compoſed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have deſcribed her as paſſing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of Zephyrus, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds is the ſame; or that the weſtern wind is in that country the moſt conſtant, and conſequently it may be ſaid that at

Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring rore,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are tost before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;

such seasons all the winds are assembled in one corner, or rendezvous with Zephyrus.

Iris will not enter the cave: it is the nature of the rainbow to be stretched intirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reason.

When Iris says that the gods are partaking hecatombs in Æthiophia, it is to be remembered that the gods are represented there in the first book, before the scenes of war were opened; and now they are closed, they return thither. Eustathius.——Thus Homer makes the anger of his hero so important, that it roused heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeased, Achilles as it were gives peace to the gods.

And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd:
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage rore.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.

Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
Firſt let us quench the yet remaining flame
With ſable wine; then, (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known they lie,
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The reſt around the margins will be ſeen,
Promiſcuous, ſteeds, and immolated men)
Theſe wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt with decent honour laid,
'Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;

Hereafter Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.
  The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next the white bones his ſad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relicks to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.
  The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;

℣. 308. *Hereafter Greece a nobler pile ſhall raiſe.*] We ſee how Achilles conſults his own glory; the deſire of it prevails over his tenderneſs for Patroclus, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved Patroclus, to ſhare an equality of honour with himſelf, even in the grave. Euſtathius.

℣. 321. *The games for Patroclus.*] The conduct of Homer in inlarging upon the games at the funeral of Patroclus is very judicious: there had undoubtedly been ſuch honours paid to ſeveral heroes during this war, as appears from a paſſage in the ninth book, where Agamemnon to enhance the value of the horſes which he offers Achilles, ſays, that any perſon would be rich that had treaſures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races muſt have been run during the ſiege: for had they been before it, the horſes would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth

There plac'd 'em round: then from the ſhips proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and tripods, for the fun'ral games,
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.
Firſt ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe.
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;

year of the war. But the poet paſſes all thoſe games over in ſilence, and reſerves them for this ſeaſon; not only in honour of Patroclus, but alſo of his hero Achilles; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himſelf ſits the judge and arbitrator: thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the ſuperiority of the character of Achilles.

But there is another reaſon why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: the death of Patroclus was the moſt eminent period; and conſequently the moſt proper time for ſuch games.

It is farther obſervable, that he chuſes this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war raged, the army could not well have found leiſure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: but Hector being dead, all Troy was in confuſion: they are in too great a conſternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not poſſibly have choſen a more happy opportunity. Euſtathius.

The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus addrest the train.

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain;
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to display,
Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day:
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.

ỳ. 349. *Lost is Patroclus now*, etc.] I am not ignorant that Homer has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these; in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But Eustathius justifies his conduct, and says that it was very proper to commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses were to contend for victory: at the same time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend Patroclus, in whose honour these games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther justification of Homer, that this last circumstance is very natural; Achilles, while he commends his horses, remembers how careful Patroclus had been of them: his love for his friend is so great, that the minutest circumstance recalls him to

Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand!
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus hopes the prize,
Fam'd thro' Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,

his mind; and ſuch little digreſſions, ſuch avocations of thought as theſe, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and ſorrow.

℣. 365. *Whom rich Echepolus*, etc.] One would think that Agamemnon might be accuſed of avarice, in diſpenſing with a man from going to the war for the ſake of a horſe; but Ariſtotle very well obſerves, that this prince is praiſe-worthy for having preferred a horſe to a perſon ſo cowardly, and ſo uncapable of ſervice. It may be alſo conjectured from this paſſage, that even in thoſe elder times it was the cuſtom, that thoſe who were willing to be excuſed from the war, ſhould give either a horſe or a man, and often both. Thus Scipio going to Africa, ordered the Sicilians either to attend him, or to give him horſes or men: and Ageſilaus being at Epheſus and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation,

(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and chears his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;

that the rich men who would not ſerve in the war ſhould be diſpenſed with, provided they furniſhed a man and a horſe in their ſtead: in which, ſays Plutarch, he wiſely followed the example of king Agamemnon, who excuſed a very rich coward from ſerving in perſon, for a preſent of a good mare. Euſtathius. Dacier.

℣. 371. *Experienc'd Neſtor*, etc.] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite Neſtor, and I think he is no where more particularly complemented than in this book. His age had diſabled him from bearing any ſhare in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere ſpectator, but as an actor in the ſports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for Antilochus; Antilochus wins not by the ſwiftneſs of his horſes, but by the wiſdom of Neſtor.

This fatherly tenderneſs is wonderfully natural: we ſee him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his ſon; he comes to the barrier, ſtands beſide the chariot, animates his ſon by his praiſes, and directs him by his leſſons: you think the old man's ſoul mounts on the chariot with his Antilochus, to partake the ſame dangers, and run the ſame career.

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this ſpeech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wiſdom over ſtrength, which is a tacit complement to himſelf: and had there been a prize for wiſdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right. Euſtathius.

Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears.
My ſon, tho' youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for ſwiftneſs known,
Compare thoſe rivals judgment, and thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe;
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks;
By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip;
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe, who truſt in chariots, and in horſe.
In vain unſkilful to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;

Of ſome once ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains.
Inclos'd with ſtones conſpicuous from afar,
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left hand ſteed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; 'till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;
Leſt thro' incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind.
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.
  Thus, (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.

They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe;
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws.)
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.

ỳ. 427. *The lots their place diſpoſe.*] According to theſe lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they ſtood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty: Euſtathius ſays, the ancients were of opinion that they did not ſtand in one front; becauſe it is evident that he who had the firſt lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why ſhould Achilles caſt lots? Madam Dacier is of opinion that they all ſtood a-breaſt at the barrier, and that the firſt would ſtill have a ſufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and ſtood within the reſt; whereas the others muſt take a larger circle, and conſequently were forced to run a greater compaſs of ground. Phœnix was placed as an inſpector of the race, that is, ſays Euſtathius, he was to make report whether they had obſerved the laws of the race in their ſeveral turnings.

Sophocles obſerves the ſame method with Homer in relation to the lots and inſpectors, in his Electra.

--------------Οἱ τεταγμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἔπηλαν καὶ κατέςησαν δίφρον.

The conſtituted judges aſſigned the places according to the lots. The ancients ſay that the charioteers ſtarted at the Sigæum, where the ſhips of Achilles lay, and ran towards the Rhæteum, from the ſhips towards the ſhores. But Ariſtarchus affirmed that they run in the compaſs of ground five *ſtadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents toward the ſhore. Euſtathius.

They ſtand in order an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before;
And up the champain thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoaking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.
While hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
(Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretrian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros, bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;

℣. 458. *And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us ſpectators of the race, we ſee Dio-

med

Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

med preſſing upon Eumelus ſo cloſely, that his chariot ſeems to climb the chariot of Eumelus.

ỳ. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguiſh to ſurvey*, etc.] We have ſeen Diomed ſurrounded with innumerable dangers acting in the moſt perilous ſcenes of blood and death, yet never ſhed one tear: and now he weeps on a ſmall occaſion, for a mere trifle: this muſt be aſcribed to the nature of mankind, who are often tranſported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; ſo that he who could meet the greateſt dangers with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency. Euſtathius.

The reaſon why Apollo is angry at Diomed, according to Euſtathius, is becauſe he was intereſted for Eumelus, whoſe mares he had fed, when he ſerved Admetus; but I fancy he is under a miſtake: this indeed is a reaſon why he ſhould favour Eumelus, but not why he ſhould be angry at Diomed. I rather think that the quarrel of Apollo with Diomed was perſonal; becauſe he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and Apollo ſtill reſents it.

The fiction of Minerva's aſſiſting Diomed is grounded upon his being ſo wiſe as to take a couple of whips to prevent any miſchance: ſo that Wiſdom, or Pallas, may be ſaid to lend him one. Euſtathius.

The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came ratling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound;
Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, tho' diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.

℣. 483 *The ſpeech of Antilochus to his horſes.*] I fear Antilochus his ſpeech to his horſes is blameable; Euſtathius himſelf ſeems to think it a fault that he ſhould ſpeak ſo much in the very heat of the race. He commands and ſooths, counſels and threatens his horſes, as if they were reaſonable creatures. The ſubſequent ſpeech of Menelaus is more excuſable as it is more ſhort, but both of them are ſpoken in a paſſion, and anger we know makes us ſpeak to every thing, and we diſcharge it upon the moſt ſenſeleſs objects.

But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs? vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon' narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.

Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus with nice ſurvey,
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs, to ſhun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmoak'd along.
Cloſe up the vent'rous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides, trembling caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.
Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride
This narrow way; take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he cautious, backward drew

His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The flound'ring courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt thro' frantic haſte to gain:
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign:
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine——
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours—The ſteeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.
  Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſate: from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;
On whoſe broad front, a blaze of ſhining white
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and riſing, to the Greeks begun.
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?

Thoſe, tho' the ſwifteſt, by ſome God with-held,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.
Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantic fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight,
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)
Yet ſure he ſeems, (to judge by ſhape and air,)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
  Old man! (Oïleus raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize.
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well diſcern him, as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd.
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!

℣. 565. *The diſpute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horſe-race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was intereſted for his friend: the poet had a two-fold deſign, not only to embelliſh and diverſify his poem by ſuch natural circumſtances, but alſo to ſhew us, as Euſtathius obſerves, from the conduct of Ajax, that paſſionate men betray themſelves into

Contentious prince, of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride.
To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the price.

He ſaid: and Ajax by mad paſſion born,
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn

follies, and are themſelves guilty of the faults of which they accuſe others.

It is with a particular decency that Homer makes Achilles the arbitrator between Idomeneus and Ajax: Agamemnon was his ſuperior in the army, but as Achilles exhibited the ſhows, he was the proper judge of any difference that ſhould ariſe about them. Had the conteſt been between Ajax and Idomeneus, conſidered as ſoldiers, the cauſe muſt have been brought before Agamemnon; but as they are to be conſidered as ſpectators of the games, they ought to be determined by Achilles.

It may not be unneceſſary juſt to obſerve to the reader the judiciouſneſs of Homer's conduct in making Achilles exhibit the games, and not Agamemnon: Achilles is the hero of the poem, and conſequently muſt be the chief actor in all the great ſcenes of it: he had remained inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the deſign of his Ilias: and to ſupply his abſence from many of the buſy ſcenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the concluſion makes him almoſt the ſole agent: by theſe means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raiſed our expectations when he brought him upon the ſtage of action, ſo he makes him go off with the utmoſt pomp and applauſe.

To fell extreams. But Thetis' god-like fon
Awful amidft them rofe, and thus begun.

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, fhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching fteeds your conteft end.
No fooner had he fpoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a ftream of duft, the charioteer;
High o'er his head the circling lafh he wields;
His bounding horfes fcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidft the dufty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courfers urg'd their rapid pace
So fwift, it feem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ftands,
Quits his bright car, and fprings upon the fands;
From the hot fteeds the fweaty torrents ftream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:

℣. 581. *High o'er his head the circling lafh he wields.*] I am perfuaded that the common tranflation of the word Κατωμαδὸν, in the original of this verfe, is faulty: it is rendered, *he lafhed the horfes continually over the fhoulders*; whereas I fancy it fhould be tranflated thus, *affidue* (equos) *agitabat fcutica ab humero ducta.* This naturally expreffes the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's fhoulder, in the act of lafhing the horfes, and agrees with the ufe of the fame word in the 431ft line of this book, where ὖρα δίσκυ κατωμαδίοιο muft be tranflated *jactus difci ab humero vibrati.*

With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
  Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
O'er-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.
Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel.
Such, and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green;
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.
  Merion purſu'd, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon;
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun.
  Behold! the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him, the ſecond honours of the day.

ỷ. 614. *Fortune denies, but juſtice,* etc.] Achilles here intends to ſhew, that it is not juſt, fortune ſhould rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himſelf his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deſerved: and this principle is juſt, provided we do not

The Greeks conſent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his ſame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the Gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground!
Perhaps he ſought not heav'n by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet, (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul deſirous to beſtow,)
Some gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore,
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy gen'rous thirſt to give.
But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.

reward him at the expence of another's right: Eumelus is a Theſſalian, and it is probable Achilles has a partiality to his countryman. Dacier.

℣. 633. *But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego.*—] There is an air of bravery in this diſcourſe of Antilochus: he ſpeaks with the generoſity of a gallant ſoldier, and prefers his honour to his intereſt; he tells Achilles if he pleaſes he may make Eumelus a richer preſent than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not reſign it, becauſe that would be an acknowlegement that Eumelus deſerved it.

The character of Antilochus is admirably ſuſtained through this whole epiſode; he is a very ſenſible man,

Thus ſpake the youth; nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er,
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropæus wore)
Whoſe glitt'ring margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine,
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With gen'rous joy: then Menelaus roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh (Antilochus) has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame;
But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?

but tranſported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his raſhneſs in driving ſo furiouſly againſt Menelaus muſt be imputed to this; but his paſſions being gratified by the conqueſt in the race, his reaſon again returns, he owns his error, and is full of reſignation to Menelaus.

What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand,
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround
The globe, and whoſe dread earthquakes heave the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or ought thou aſk'ſt, be freely thine,
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forſworn.

So ſpake Antilochus; and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.

℣. 663. *And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear——*] It is evident, ſays Euſtathius, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in the chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit Antilochus uſed againſt Menelaus: perhaps Antilochus in his haſte had declined from the race-ground, and avoided ſome of the uneven places of it, and conſequently took an unfair advantage of his adverſary; or perhaps his driving ſo furiouſly againſt Menelaus, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play; and therefore Antilochus refuſes to take the oath.

Joy ſwells his ſoul, as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew;
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'er-ſpread
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid.

Still may our ſouls, O gen'rous youth! agree,
'Tis now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.
Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:

ỳ. 679. *Joy ſwells his ſoul, as when the vernal grain*, etc.]

Euſtathius is very large in the explication of this ſimilitude, which at the firſt view ſeems obſcure: his words are theſe:

As the dew raiſes the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depreſſed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flouriſh, ſo did the behaviour of Antilochus raiſe the dejected mind of Menelaus, exalt his ſpirits, and reſtore him to a full ſatisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and tranſlated it with the liberty of poetry: it is very much in the language of ſcripture, and in the ſpirit of the orientals.

Gen'rous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noeman's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares.
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!

ỳ. 707. *Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire!*] The poet in my opinion preſerves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counſellor: he gives him an honorary reward for his ſuperior wiſdom, and therefore Achilles calls it ἄεθλον, and not δῶρον, a prize, and not a preſent. The moral of Homer is, that princes ought no leſs to honour and recompence thoſe who excel in wiſdom and counſel, than thoſe who are capable of actual ſervice.

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this reſpect, not only out of deference to his age, and wiſdom, but alſo becauſe he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his ſon; ſo that Neſtor may be ſaid to have conquered in the perſon of Antilochus. Euſtathius.

Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy preſent vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy, the venerable king reply'd.
Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!

℣. 719. *Neſtor's ſpeech to Achilles.*] This ſpeech is admirably well adapted to the character of Neſtor: he aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think Horace had him in his eye,

——Laudator temporis acti
Se puero——

Neither is it any blemiſh to the character of Neſtor thus to be a little talkative about his own atchievements: to have deſcribed him otherwiſe, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wiſeſt man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every ſtage of life has ſome imperfection peculiar to itſelf.

---------Ὁ μὲν ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευεν.
-------------Ἔμπεδον ἡνιόχευ.

The reader may obſerve that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reaſons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: he is very ſollicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of ſkill or power in himſelf: and in my opinion Neſtor is never more vain-glorious than in this recital of his own diſappointment.

Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' Bupraſium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in ev'ry ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign'd the day.

It is for the ſame reaſon he repeats the words I have cited above: he obtrudes (by that repetition) the diſadvantages under which he laboured, upon the obſervation of the reader, for fear he ſhould impute the loſs of the victory to his want of ſkill.

Neſtor ſays that theſe Moliones overpowered him by their *number*. The critics, as Euſtathius remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal ſtory, that when Neſtor was ready to enter the liſts againſt theſe brothers, he objected againſt them as unfair adverſaries, (for it muſt be remembered that they were monſters that grew together, and conſequently had four hands to Neſtor's two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determined, that as they grew together, ſo they ought to be conſidered as one man.

Others tells us that they brought ſeveral chariots into the liſts, whoſe charioteers combined together in favour of Eurytus and Cteatus, theſe brother-monſters.

Others ſay, that the multitude of the ſpectators conſpired to diſappoint Neſtor.

I thought it neceſſary to give my reader theſe ſeveral conjectures that he might underſtand why Neſtor ſays he was overpowered by πλήθει, or *numbers*; and alſo, becauſe it confirms my former obſervation, that Neſtor is very careful to draw his own picture in the ſtrongeſt colours, and to ſhew it in the faireſt light.

I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus, with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey,
Prize after prize by Neſtor born away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Tho' once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou! my ſon! by gen'rous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:
Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well can'ſt pay,
May the juſt Gods return another day.
  Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
  The prizes next are ordered to the field,
For the bold champions who the Cæſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,

Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large and round.
Achilles riſing thus: Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke?
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labour ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.

This dreadful combate great Epeus choſe,
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battel ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.

The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,

The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmean race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend,
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
With clashing gantlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epeus dealt a weighty blow,
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway
Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters rore,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſers ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vig'rous ſtrife propoſe,
When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet, at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wintry wind and howling ſtorms,

℣. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark made upon this paſſage by Madam Dacier, who highly reſents the affront put upon her ſex by the ancients, who ſet (it ſeems) thrice the value upon a Tripod as upon a beautiful female ſlave: nay, ſhe is afraid the value of women is not raiſed even in our days; for ſhe ſays there are curious perſons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the fineſt woman alive: I confeſs I intirely agree with the lady, and muſt impute ſuch opinions of the fair ſex to want of taſte in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember that theſe tripods were of no uſe, but made intirely for ſhow; and conſequently the moſt ſatirical critic could only ſay, the woman and Tripod ought to have born an equal value.

℣. 826. *Like two ſtrong rafters*, etc.] I will give the reader the words of Euſtathius upon this ſimilitude, which very happily repreſents the wreſtlers in the poſture of wreſtling. Their heads leaned one againſt the

Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on the centre ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from ev'ry pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could Ulyſſes, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon.
Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.

He ſaid; and ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtrook: the giant fell ſupine;
Ulyſſes following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run ratt'ling thro' the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:

other, like the rafters that ſupport the roof of a houſe: at the foot they are disjoined, and ſtand at a greater diſtance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in theſe two wreſtlers, while they contend for victory.

℣. 849. *He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe.*] The poet by this circumſtance excellently maintains the character of Ajax, who has all along been deſcribed as a ſtrong, unwieldy warrior: he is ſo heavy, that Ulyſſes

s knee look'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
nd grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll
Still breathing ſtriſe, and unſubdu'd of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combate riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize.
  Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, reſtrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well.
  The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd:

can ſcarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that Ajax locked his leg within that of Ulyſſes, or that Ulyſſes did it. Euſtathius obſerves, that if Ajax gave Ulyſſes this ſhook, then he may be allowed to have ſome appearance of an equality in the conteſt; but if Ulyſſes gave it, than Ajax muſt be acknowleged to have been foiled: but (continues he) it appeared to be otherwiſe to Achilles, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, becauſe they were equal in the conteſt.

Madam Dacier miſrepreſents Euſtathius on this place, in ſaying he thinks it was Ulyſſes who gave the ſecond ſtroke to Ajax, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwiſe in conſent with the judgment given by Achilles.

Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him deſcended good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon ſpar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's fun'ral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.
Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train:
Who hope the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.
The hero ſaid, and ſtarting from his place,
Oilean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, Neſtor's ſon the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All ſtart at once; Oileus led the race;
The next Ulyſſes, meas'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep ere the duſt can riſe:

His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
To him they give their wiſhes, hearts, and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his ſoul:
Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought, deſcends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax ſtumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the ſlipp'ry ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore.
(The ſelf-ſame place beſide Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn Ulyſſes' rich reward.

℣. 901. *Aſſiſt, O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd.)*] Nothing could be better adapted to the preſent circumſtances of Ulyſſes than this prayer: it is ſhort, and ought to be ſo, becauſe the time would not allow him to make a longer: nay he prefers this petition mentally, ἐν κατὰ θυμὸν; all his faculties are ſo bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to ſpeak ſo ſhort a petition as ſeven words, which comprehend the whole of it: ſuch paſſages as theſe are inſtances of great judgment in the poet.

Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addreſt.

Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddeſs was my foe;
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes, won the day.

Thus ſourly wail'd he, ſputt'ring dirt and gore,
A burſt of laughter echo'd thro' the ſhore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt.

Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The Gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to Ajax I muſt yield the prize:
He to Ulyſſes, ſtill more aged and wiſe;
(A green old age unconſcious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boaſts a ſwifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Muſt yet be more than hero, more than man.

℣. 924. *And takes it with a jeſt.*] Antilochus comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the gods gave to age. By this he inſinuates, that he has ſomething to comfort himſelf with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the ſame protection, ſince it is a privilege of ſeniority. Dacier.

℣. 933. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in theſe tranſient complements to Achilles: that hero could not poſſibly ſhew his own ſuperiority in

Th' effect ſucceeds the ſpeech. Pelides cries,
hy artful praiſe deſerves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain ſhall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the pureſt gold.
The youth departs content. The hoſt admire
The ſon of Neſtor, worthy of his ſire.

Next theſe a buckler, ſpear and helm, he brings,
Caſt on the plain the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in ſhort triumph bore.
Stand forth the braveſt of our hoſt! (he cries)
Whoever dares deſerve ſo rich a prize,
Now grace the liſts before our army's ſight,
And ſheath'd in ſteel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore,
And ſtain his rival's mail with iſſuing gore;

in theſe games by contending for any of the prizes, becauſe he was the exhibiter of the ſports: but Homer has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race Achilles is repreſented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he ſpeaks it himſelf, the poet brings it in ſo happily, that he ſpeaks it without any indecency: and in this place Antilochus with a very good grace tells Achilles, that in the foot-race no one can diſpute the prize with him. Thus though Diomed and Ulyſſes conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only becauſe Achilles is not their antagoniſt.

℣. 949. *Who firſt the jointed armour ſhall explore.*] Some of the ancients have been ſhocked at this combate, thinking it a barbarity that men in ſport ſhould thus

The ſword, Aſteropeus poſſeſt of old,
(A Thracian blade, diſtinct with ſtuds of gold)
Shall pay the ſtroke, and grace the ſtriker's ſide:
Theſe arms in common let the chief divide:
For each brave champion, when the combate ends,
A ſumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
  Fierce at the word, uproſe great Tydeus' ſon,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent ſteel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle ſtand:
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the ſight;
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
Thro' the broad ſhield, but at the corſlet ſtay'd:

contend for their lives; and therefore Ariſtophanes the grammarian made this alteration in the verſes.

Ὁππότερός κεν πρῶτος ἐπιγράψας χρόα καλὸν
Φθήῃ ἐπευξάμενος διά δ' ἔντεα, etc.

But it is evident that they intirely miſtook the meaning and intention of Achilles; for he that gave the firſt wound was to be accounted the victor. How could Achilles promiſe to entertain them both in his tent after the combate, if he intended that one of them ſhould fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of ſkill, and as ſuch ſingle combates were frequent in the wars of thoſe ages againſt adverſaries, ſo this was propoſed only to ſhew the dexterity of the combatants in that exerciſe. Euſtathius.

Not thus the foe: his jav'lin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
A mass of iron, (an enormous round)
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aetion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.

℣. 971. *Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains.*] Achilles in this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: though the combate did not proceed to a full issue, yet Diomed had evidently the advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor, because he would have been victorious, had not the Greeks interposed.

I could have wished that the poet had given Ajax the prize in some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant soldier, and has been described as repulsing a whole army: yet in all these sports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his design might be to complement the Greeks his countrymen; by shewing that this Ajax, who had repelled a whole army of Trojans, was not able to conquer any one of the Grecian worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of these exercises.

For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe,
Who fartheſt hurls it, take it as his prize:
If he be one, inrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighb'ring city's aid,
For plowſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern Polypœtes ſtept before the throng;
And great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
Uproſe great Ajax; up Epeus roſe.
Each ſtood in order: firſt Epeus threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.

℣. 985. *If he be one inrich'd*, etc.] The poet in this place ſpeaks in the ſimplicity of ancient times: the prodigious weight and ſize of the quoit is deſcribed with a noble plainneſs, peculiar to the oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of thoſe heroic ages. He does not ſet down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigneſs nor weight, but as to the uſe it will be of to him who ſhall gain it. We ſee from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they propoſed, had in view not only the honourable, but the uſeful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the proviſion of iron. Beſides, it muſt be remembered, that in thoſe times iron was very ſcarce; and a ſure ſign of this ſcarcity, is, that their arms were braſs. Euſtathius. Dacier.

Leonteus next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
And third, the ſtrength of god-like Ajax caſt.
O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the Diſcus ſung:
Far, as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
That diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
So paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
  Thoſe, who in ſkilful archery contend,
He next invites the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round,
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound.)
The maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon' flutt'ring bird, ſhall bear
Theſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
The ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
He ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
But flies unbleſt! no grateful ſacrifice,
No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:

A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heav'n diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And following with his eye the ſoaring dove,

℣. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of Homer, that of Marſeilles repreſents theſe two rivals in archery as uſing two bows in the conteſt; and reads the verſes thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ᾽ ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐπέθη κατ᾽ ὀϊστὸν
Τόξῳ ἐν γὰρ χερσὶν ἔχε πάλα, ὡς ἴθυνεν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of Antimachus, with this only difference, that he reads it

Ἐξείρυσε τεύκρυ τόξον. And they, Ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that theſe archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by theſe means the one had no advantage over the other, becauſe both of them ſhot with the ſame bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the beſt, where the lines ſtand thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ᾽ ἄρα Μηριόνης ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς OF Τεύκρυ
Τόξον, ἀτὰρ δὴ ὀϊστὸν ἔχε πάλαι ὡς ἴθυνεν. Euſtathius.

This Teucer is the moſt eminent man for archery of any through the whole Iliad, yet he is here excelled by Meriones: and the poet aſcribes his miſcarriages to the neglect of invoking Apollo, the God of archery; whereas Meriones, who invokes him, is crowned with ſucceſs. There is an excellent moral in this paſſage, and the poet would teach us, that without addreſſing to heaven we cannot ſucceed: Meriones does not conquer becauſe he is the better archer, but becauſe he is the better man.

Implores the God to speed it thro' the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.

To close the fun'ral games, Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,
And ample charger of unsullied frame,
With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.

ỳ. 1051. *Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.*] There is an admirable conduct in this passage; Agamemnon never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honour Patroclus and Achilles. The decency which the poet uses both in the choice of the game, in which Agamemnon is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a contest, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exercise, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no

With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſé to the monarch, and reſpectful ſaid.

Thee firſt in virtue, as in pow'r ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In ev'ry martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

one ought to be ſuppoſed to excel the general in any military art: Agamemnon does juſtice to his own character; for whereas he had been repreſented by Achilles in the opening of the poem as a covetous perſon, he now puts in for the prize that is of the leaſt value, and generouſly gives even that to Talthybius. Euſtathius.

As to this laſt particular, of Agamemnon's preſenting the charger to Talthybius, I cannot but be of a different opinion. It had been an affront to Achilles not to have accepted of his preſent on this occaſion, and I believe the words of Homer,

Ταλθυβίῳ κήρυκι δίδου περικαλλὲς ἄεθλον,

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ſhips; Talthybius being by his office an attendant upon Agamemnon.

IT will be expected I should here say something tending to a comparison between the games of Homer and those of Virgil. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural passions, in the games and persons of Homer. On the other hand, there seems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verse in those of Virgil. The *chariot-race* is that which Homer has most laboured, of which Virgil being sensible, he judiciously avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the *naval course*, or *ship-race*. It is in this the Roman poet has employed all his force, as if on set purpose to rival his great master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps Homer in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had varied the subject itself. *Accordingly* the accidents of the naval course have a strange resemblance with those of Homer's chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that description into a simile. Do not we see he has Homer's chariots in his head, by these lines;

Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus.
Nec sic immissis aurigæ undantia lora
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.

Æn. v. ℣. 144.

What is the encounter of Cloanthus and Gyas in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of Menelaus and Antilochus in the hollow way? Had the galley of Sergestus been broken, if the chariot of Eumelus had not been demolished? Or Mnestheus been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat? Does not Mnestheus exhort his rowers in the very words Antilochus had used to his horses?

Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo.
Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;

Extremos pudeat rediisse! hoc vincite, cives,
Et probibete nefas———

Ἐμβῆτον, καὶ σφῶϊ τιταίνετον ὅττι τάχιστα.
Ἤ τοι μὲν κείνοισιν ἐριζέμεν οὔτι κελεύω
Τυδείδεω ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἷσιν Ἀθήνη
Νῦν ὤρεξε τάχος - - - - - - - - - -
Ἵππους δ' Ἀτρείδαο κιχάνετε, μηδὲ λίπησθον,
Καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶϊν ἐλεγχείην καταχεύῃ
Αἴθη θῆλυς ἐοῦσα - - - - - - - - - -

Upon the whole, the description of the sea-race I think has the more poetry and majesty, that of the chariots more nature and lively incidents. There is nothing in Virgil so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the characters, as the episodes of Antilochus and Menelaus, Ajax and Idomeneus, with that beautiful interposition of old Nestor, (so naturally introduced into an affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in Virgil the description itself is nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a spectacle more worthy the presence of princes and great persons.

In three other games we find the Roman poet contending openly with the Grecian. That of the Cæstus is in great part a verbal translation: but it must be owned in favour of Virgil, that he has varied from Homer in the event of the combate with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. Epeus and Dares are described by both poets as vain boasters; but Virgil with more poetical justice punishes Dares for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of Epeus is rewarded by Homer.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion, that Homer has shewn more judgment and morality than Virgil. Nisus in the latter is unjust to his adversary in favour of his friend Euryalus; so that Euryalus wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the first prize; whereas Homer makes Ulysses victorious,

purely through the mischance of Ajax, and his own piety in invoking Minerva.

The *shooting* is also a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumstances which make a beautiful gradation. In Homer the first archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In Virgil the first only hits the mast which the bird was fixed upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the strength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last is certainly superior to Homer in what they call the *wonderful*: but what is the *intent* or *effect* of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at least as much surprized at it, as at the most unreasonable parts in Homer, I leave to those critics who are more inclined to find faults than I am: nor shall I observe upon the many literal imitations in the Roman poet, to object against which were to derogate from the merit of those fine *passages*, which Virgil was so very sensible of, that he was resolved to take them, at any rate, to himself.

There remain in Homer three games untouched by Virgil; the *wrestling*, the *combate*, and the Discus. In Virgil there is only the Lusus Trojæ added, which is purely his own, and must be confest to be inimitable: I do not know whether I may be allowed to say, it is worth all those three of Homer?

I could not forgive myself if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the sixth Thebaid of Statius; it is by much the most beautiful book of that poem. It is very remarkable, that he has followed Homer through the whole course of his games: there is the *chariot-race*, the *foot-race*, the Discus, the Cæstus, the *wrestling*, the *single combate* (which is put off in the same manner as in Homer) and the *shooting*; which last ends (as in Virgil) with a prodigy: yet in the particular descriptions of each of these games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it.

THE

ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The redemption of the body of Hector.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days *is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as* many more *are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.*

NOW from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded strand;

All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
Not ſo Achilles: he, to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep,
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.
Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought;

℣. 14. *What ſeas they meaſur'd,* etc.] There is ſomething very noble in theſe ſentiments of Achilles: he does not recollect any ſoft moments, any tenderneſſes that had paſſed between him and Patroclus, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: thus the poet on all occaſions admirably ſuſtains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſung the atchievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This paſſage in Homer has not eſcaped the cenſure of Plato, who thought it a diminution to his character to be thus tranſported with grief; but the objection will vaniſh, if we remember that all the paſſions of Achilles are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have repreſented him as mourning moderately for his friend. Plato ſpoke more like a philoſopher than a critic when he blamed the behaviour of Achilles as unmanly: theſe

All paſt before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up, diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:
Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
There ſleep at laſt o'ercomes the hero's eyes:
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lies,
But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with ſuperior care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;

tears would have ill become Plato, but they are graceful in Achilles.

Beſides, there is ſomething very inſtructive in this whole repreſentation, it ſhews us the power of a ſincere friendſhip, and ſoftens and recommends the character of Achilles; the violence he uſed towards his enemy is alleviated by the ſincerity he expreſſes towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend.

ỳ. 30. *For Phœbus watch'd it*, etc.] Euſtathius ſays, that by this ſhield of Apollo are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the ſun, which cooling and qualifying the ſultrineſs of the air, preſerved the body from decay: but perhaps the poet had ſomething farther in his eye when he introduced Apollo upon this occaſion: Apollo is a phyſician and the God of medi-

And ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:

caments; if therefore Achilles used any arts to preserve Hector from decay, that he might be able the longer to insult his remains, Apollo may properly be said to protect it with his Ægis.

ỳ. 36. *But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies.*] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem: he shews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of Hector, but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of Mercury, makes use of ordinary methods, and Priam redeems his son: this gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of Achilles; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the gods hold a consultation, and a king becomes his suppliant. Eustathius.

Those seven lines, from *Κλέψαι δ᾽ ὀτρύνεσκον* to *Μαχλοσύνην ἀλεγεινήν*, have been thought spurious by some of the ancients: they judged it as an indecency that the goddess of wisdom and Achilles should be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majesty of the gods to be said to steal. Besides, say they, had Homer been acquainted with the judgment of Paris, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and consequently that story was of a later invention: and Aristarchus affirms that *Μαχλοσύνη* is a more modern word, and never known before the time of Hesiod, who uses it when he speaks of the daughters of Prætus; and adds, that it is appropriated to signify the

E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;
To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke.
  Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain?

incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: therefore others read the last verse,

Ἡ οἱ κεχαρισμένα δῶρ' ὀνόμηνε.

These objections are entirely gathered from Eustathius; to which we may add, that Macrobius seems to have been one of those who rejected these verses, since he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of Paris. It may be answered, that the silence of Homer in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of Paris, is no argument that he was ignorant of that story: perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the cause of the destruction of Troy in the conclusion of the Ilias; that the reader seeing the wrong done, and the punishment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowlege the justice of it.

The same reason will be an answer to the objection relating to the anger of Pallas: Wisdom cannot be satisfied without justice, and consequently Pallas ought not to cease from resentment, till Troy has suffered the deserts of her crimes.

I cannot think that the objection about the word Μαχλοσύνη is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of Homer and Hesiod, so neither can any person be assured that such words were not in use in Homer's days.

And can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage and impotence of pride,
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil and the greateſt good.
Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this inſatiate the commiſſion giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:

℣. 52. *A lion, not a man*, etc.] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of Achilles, which Homer puts into the mouth of a God. One may ſee from this alone that he was far from deſigning his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces Apollo in the midſt of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praiſes with his blemiſhes: *Brave though he be*, etc. Thus what is the real merit of Achilles is diſtinguiſhed from what is blameable in his character, and we ſee Apollo or the God of wiſdom, is no leſs impartial than juſt in his repreſentation of Achilles.

Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth insensible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.
If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim;
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own æthereal race
Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace;
(A Goddess by our self to Peleus giv'n,
A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Your selves were present; where this minstrel-God
(Well pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.
Then thus the thund'rer checks th' imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the same.
But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay,
(The only honours men to Gods can pay)
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.

But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure queen; let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies,
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves resound)
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As bearing death in the fallacious bait
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So past the Goddess thro' the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.

ỳ. 114. *And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.*] These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poet could not proceed to the death of Achilles without breaking the action; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of Achilles; he is so truly valiant, that though he knows he must fall before Troy, yet he does not abstain from

Then thus the Goddeſs of the painted bow.
Ariſe, O Thetis, from thy ſeats below,
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly ſight!
Ah may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er be heav'n's almighty ſire obey'd——
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the light'nings blaze the ſire they found,
And all the Gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face,
(Minerva riſing, gave the mourner place)

the war, but couragiouſly meets his death: and here I think it proper to inſert an obſervation that ought to have been made before, which is, that Achilles did not know that Hector was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a ſingle combate, in which he was ſure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of Achilles to Hector juſt before the combate,

——————Πρὶν γ' ἢ ἕτερόν γε πεσόντα
Αἵματος ἆσαι ἄρηα, etc.

I will make no compacts with thee, ſays *Achilles, but one of us ſhall fall.*

Ev'n Juno ſought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it: Then began
The ſacred ſire of Gods and mortal man:

Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercaſt,
Maternal ſorrows long, ah long to laſt!
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;

℣. 141. *Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above, etc.*] It may be thought that ſo many interpoſitions of the gods, ſuch meſſages from heaven to earth, and down to the ſeas, are needleſs machines; and it may be imagined that it is an offence againſt probability that ſo many deities ſhould be employed to pacify Achilles: but I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almoſt at the concluſion, and Achilles is to paſs from a ſtate of an almoſt inexorable reſentment to a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; ſuch a change could not be brought about by human means; Achilles is too ſtubborn to obey any thing leſs than a God: this is evident from his rejecting the perſuaſion of the whole Grecian army to return to the battel: ſo that it appears that this machinery was neceſſary, and conſequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that theſe ſeveral incidents proceed from Jupiter: it is by his appointment that ſo many gods are employed to attend Achilles. By theſe means Jupiter fulfils the promiſe mentioned in the firſt book, of honouring the ſon of Thetis, and Homer excellently ſuſtains his character by repreſenting the inexora-

'Twas voted, Hermes from his god-like foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hye thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.
His word the silver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.

ble Achilles as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of Jupiter.

If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human means, or supposed Achilles to restore the body of Hector entirely out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike Achilles: such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair; for who could be supposed to have so great an influence upon Achilles as his own mother, who is a goddess?

How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow!
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe?
Mindleſs of food, or love whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain.
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

℣. 164. *And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe.*] This expreſſion in the original is very particular. Were it to be tranſlated literally, it muſt be rendered, how long wilt thou *eat, or prey upon thy own heart* by theſe ſorrows? And it ſeems that it was a common way of expreſſing a deep ſorrow; and Pythagoras uſes it in this ſenſe, μὴ ἐσθίειν καρδίαν, that is, grieve not exceſſively, let not ſorrow make too great an impreſſion upon thy heart. Euſtathius.

℣. 168. ——*Indulge the am'rous hour!*] The ancients (ſays Euſtathius) rejected theſe verſes becauſe of the indecent idea they convey: the goddeſs in plain terms adviſes Achilles to go to bed to his miſtreſs, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good biſhop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reaſon he gives is as extraordinary as that of Thetis: ſoldiers, ſays he, have more occaſion for ſomething to ſtrengthen themſelves with, than for women; and this is the reaſon, continues he, why wreſtlers are forbid all commerce with that ſex during the whole time of their exerciſe.

Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus endeavours to juſtify Homer by obſerving that this advice of Thetis was not given him to induce him to any wantonneſs, but was intended to indulge a nobler paſſion, his deſire of glory: ſhe adviſes him to go to that captive who was reſtored to him in a public manner to ſatisfy his honour: to that captive, the detention of whom had been ſo great a puniſhment to the whole Grecian army. And therefore Thetis

uſes

Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,

uſes a very proper motive to comfort her ſon, by adviſing him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewiſe laboured in Homer's juſtification; he obſerves that the poet has ſet the picture of Achilles in this place in a very fair and ſtrong point of light: though Achilles had ſo lately received his beloved Briſeis from the hands of Agamemnon; though he knew that his own life drew to a ſudden period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haſte to indulge his love: he does not lament Patroclus like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abſtains from all pleaſure by an exceſs of ſorrow, and the love of his miſtreſs is loſt in that of his friend.

This obſervation excellently juſtifies Achilles, in not indulging himſelf with the company of his miſtreſs: the hero indeed prevails ſo much over the lover, that Thetis thinks herſelf obliged to recall Briſeis to his memory. Yet ſtill the indecency remains. All that can be ſaid in favour of Thetis is, that ſhe was mother to Achilles, and conſequently might take the greater freedom with her ſon.

Madam Dacier diſapproves of both the former obſervations: ſhe has recourſe to the lawfulneſs of ſuch a practice between Achilles and Briſeis; and becauſe ſuch commerces in thoſe times were reputed honeſt, therefore ſhe thinks the advice was decent: the married ladies are obliged to her for this obſervation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their ſons are afflicted, will adviſe them to comfort themſelves in this manner.

In ſhort, I am of opinion that this paſſage outrages decency; and it is a ſign of ſome weakneſs to have ſo much occaſion of juſtification. Indeed the whole paſſage is capable of a ſerious conſtruction, and of ſuch a ſenſe as a mother might expreſs to a ſon with decency: and then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my ſon,

No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom Achilles: be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:

" thus afflicted? Why thus resigned to sorrow? Can " neither sleep nor love divert you? Short is thy date " of life, spend it not all in weeping, but allow some " part of it to love and pleasure!" But still the indecency lies in the manner of the expression, which must be allowed to be almost obscene, (for such is the word μίσγεσθ' *misceri*.) All that can be said in defence of it is, that as we are not competent judges of what ideas words might carry in Homer's time, so we ought not intirely to condemn him, because it is possible the expression might not sound so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears.

Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:

℣. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey.*] The intervention of Mercury was very neceſſary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but alſo pays a complement to his countrymen the Grecians: they kept ſo ſtrict a guard that nothing but a God could paſs unobſerved; this highly recommends their military diſcipline; and Priam not being able to carry the ranſom without a chariot, it would have been an offence againſt probability to have ſuppoſed him able to have paſſed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the aſſiſtance of ſome deity: Horace had this paſſage in his view, ode the 10th of the firſt book,

Iniqua Trojæ caſtra fefellit.

℣. 191. ——*Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare*
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, etc.]
It is obſervable that every word here is a negative, ἄφρων, ἄσκοπος, ἀλιτήμων; Achilles is ſtill ſo angry that Jupiter cannot ſay he is wiſe, judicious, and merciful; he only commends him negatively, and barely ſays he is not a madman, nor perverſely wicked.

It is the obſervation of the ancients, ſays Euſtathius, that all the cauſes of the ſins of man are included in thoſe three words: man offends either out of ignorance, and then he is ἄφρων; or through inadvertency, then he is ἄσκοπος; or wilfully and maliciouſly, and then he is ἀλιτήμων. So that this deſcription agrees very well with the preſent diſpoſition of Achilles; he is not ἄφρων, becauſe his reſentment begins to abate; he is not ἄσκοπος, becauſe his mother has given him inſtructions; nor

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) His face his wrapt attire

ἀλιτήμων, because he will not offend against the injunctions of Jupiter.

℣. 195. *The winged Iris flies*, etc.] Monf. Rapin has been very free upon this passage, where so many machines are made use of, to cause Priam to obtain the body of Hector from Achilles, "This father (says he) "who has so much tenderness for this son, who is so "superstitious in observing the funeral ceremonies, and "saving those precious remains from the dogs and "vultures; ought not he to have thought of doing this "himself, without being thus expressly commanded by "the gods? Was there need of a machine to make "him remember that he was a father?" But this critic intirely forgets what rendered such a conduct of absolute necessity; namely, the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of the king and state, upon Priam's putting himself into the power of his most inveterate enemy. There was no other method of recovering Hector, and of discharging his funeral rites (which were looked upon by the ancients of so high importance) and therefore the message from Jupiter to encourage Priam, with the assistance of Mercury to conduct him, and to prepare Achilles to receive him with favour, was far from impertinent: it was *dignus vindice nodus*, as Horace expresses it.

℣. 200. *His face his wrapt attire Conceal'd from sight.*] The poet has observed a great decency in this

Conceal'd from ſight; with frantic hands he ſpread
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus in whiſpers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care:
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive;
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led;
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;

place; he was not able to expreſs the grief of his royal mourner, and ſo covers what he could not repreſent. From this paſſage Semanthes the Sicyonian painter borrowed his deſign in the ſacrifice of Iphigenia, and repreſents his Agamemnon, as Homer does his Priam: Æſchylus has likewiſe imitated this place, and draws his Niobe exactly after the manner of Homer. Euſtathius.

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then past the monarch to his bridal room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd the queen, and thus began to say.
Unhappy consort of a king distrest;
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corps of Hector, at yon' navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?
Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known,
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!

Alas! my lord! he knows not how to ſpare,
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fall'n! to calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No——pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.
Still, ſtill for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!
Oh! in his deareſt blood might I allay
My rage, and theſe barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whoſe breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.

  Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night;
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.

℣. 265. *He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight, And fell a hero*——] This whole diſcourſe of Hecuba is exceedingly natural, ſhe aggravates the features of Achilles, and ſoftens thoſe of Hector: her anger blinds her ſo much, that ſhe can ſee nothing great in Achilles, and her fondneſs ſo much, that ſhe can diſcern no defects in Hector. Thus ſhe draws Achilles in the fierceſt colours, like a Barbarian, and calls him ὠμηστὴς; but at the ſame time forgets that Hector ever fled from Achilles, and in the original directly tells us that *he knew not how to fear, or how to fly.* Euſtathius.

Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer had been obey'd.
A preſent Goddeſs brought the high command,
I ſaw, I heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content——By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils and garments ſtiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;
And laſt a large well labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the ſad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:

℣. 291. *Lo! the ſad father*, etc.] This behaviour of Priam is very natural to a perſon in his circumſtances: the loſs of his favourite ſon makes ſo deep an impreſſion upon his ſpirits, that he is incapable of conſolation; he is diſpleaſed with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the diſorder and hurry of his ſpirits make him break out into paſſionate expreſſions, and thoſe expreſſions are contained in ſhort periods, very natural to

In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;
Am I the only object of deſpair?

men in anger, who give not themſelves leiſure to expreſs their ſentiments at full length: it is from the ſame paſſion that Priam, in the ſecond ſpeech, treats all his ſons with the utmoſt indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers, and flatterers. Euſtathius very juſtly remarks, that he had Paris particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that *character* to the reſt of his children, not being calm enough to make a diſtinction between the innocent and guilty.

That paſſage where he runs into the praiſes of Hector, is particularly natural: his concern and fondneſs make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the diſparagement of his other ſons: they are leſs than mortals, he more than man. Rapin has cenſured this anger of Priam as a breach of the *manners*, and ſays he might have ſhewn himſelf a father, otherwiſe than by this uſage of his children. But whoever conſiders his circumſtances, will judge after another manner. Priam, after having been the moſt wealthy, moſt powerful and formidable monarch of Aſia, becomes all at once the moſt miſerable of men; he loſes in leſs than eight days the beſt of his army, and a great number of virtuous ſons; he loſes the braveſt of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant Hector. This laſt blow ſinks him quite, and changes him ſo much, that he is no longer the ſame: he becomes impatient, frantic, unreaſonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! whoever has the leaſt inſight into nature, muſt admire ſo fine a picture of the force of adverſity on an unhappy old man.

Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;
Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
Oh send me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,
His threats Deiphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And gen'rous Antiphon: for yet these nine
Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,

ỿ. 313. *Deiphobus and Dius.*] It has been a dispute whether Δῖος or Ἀγαυὸς, in ỿ. 251. was a proper name; but Pherecydes (says Eustathius) determines it, and assures us that Dios was a spurious son of Priam.

And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All thoſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?

The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboſt with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king.)
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd, and harneſs'd to his car:

℣. 342. *The ſad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is neceſſary to obſerve to the reader, to avoid confuſion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the preſents, and to bring back the body of Hector; the other drawn by horſes, in which the herald and Priam rode. Euſtathius.

Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands.
Take this, and pour to Jove; that ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof, and arms.
Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace.
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.
'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam) to the ſire above
To raiſe our hands, for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring:
(Her ready hands the ewer and baſon held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;

On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.
  Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal ſpace:
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.
  Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!
The ſwift-wing'd chaſer of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide, as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.

℣. 377. *Oh firſt, and greateſt!* etc.] Euſtathius obſerves, that there is not one inſtance in the whole Ilias of any prayer that was juſtly preferred, that failed of ſucceſs. This proceeding of Homer's is very judicious, and anſwers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to pleaſe and inſtruct. Thus Priam prays that Achilles may ceaſe his wrath, and compaſſionate his miſeries; and Jupiter grants his requeſt: the unfortunate king obtains compaſſion, and in his moſt inveterate enemy finds a friend.

A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears:
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on the car th' impatient monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idæus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controuls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to fate;
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſt the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man,
Then thus to Hermes. Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.
  The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

℣. 417. *The deſcription of Mercury.*] A man muſt have no taſte for poetry that does not admire this ſublime deſcription: Virgil has tranſlated it almoſt *verbatim* in the 4th book of the Æneis, ℣. 240.

——*Ille patris magni parere parabat*
Imperio, et primum pedibus talaria nectit

That high thro' fields of air his flight ſuſtain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd; fair offspring of ſome princely line!

Aurea, quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſupra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat orco
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia tartara mittit;
Dat ſomnos, adimitque, et lumina morte reſignat.

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original: Mercury appears in both pictures with equal majeſty; and the Roman dreſs becomes him as well as the Grecian. Virgil has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole ſixth line, to Homer, which makes it ſtill more full and majeſtical.

Give me leave to produce a paſſage out of Milton of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferior to Homer or Virgil: it is the deſcription of the deſcent of an angel.

——Down thither, prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and thro' the vaſt æthereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds; with ſteady wing:
Now on the polar winds: then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air——
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head; nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious, on his ſhoulders fledg'd with wings,
*Lay waving round,——*etc.

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
Their chariots ſtopping, at the ſilver ſpring
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Thro' the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and *thus to* Priam cries.
I mark ſome foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel; is it beſt to fly?
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?

℣. 427. *Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.*] The poet by ſuch intimations as theſe recalls to our minds the exact time which Priam takes up in his journey to Achilles: he ſet out in the evening; and by the time that he had reached the tomb of Ilus, it was grown ſomewhat dark, which ſhews that this tomb ſtood at ſome diſtance from the city: here Mercury meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the preſence of Achilles. By theſe methods we may diſcover how exactly the poet preſerves the unities of time and place, and he allots ſpace ſufficient for the actions which he deſcribes, and yet does not croud more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: thus it being improbable that ſo ſtubborn a man as Achilles ſhould relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair, ſo that Priam has leiſure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to perſuade Achilles.

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

Say whither, *father!* when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?

℣. 447. *etc. The speech of Mercury to Priam.*] I shall not trouble the reader with the dreams of Eustathius, who tells us that this fiction of Mercury, is partly true and partly false: It is true that his father is old; for Jupiter is king of the whole universe, was from eternity, and created both men and gods: in like manner, when Mercury says he is the seventh child of his father, Eustathius affirms that he meant that there were six planets besides Mercury. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be so learnedly absurd: the supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. Priam, says he, might by chance meet with one of the Myrmidons, who might conduct him unobserved through the camp into the presence of Achilles: and as the execution of any wise design is ascribed to Pallas, so may this clandestine enterprize be said to be managed by the guidance of Mercury.

But perhaps this whole passage may be better explained by having recourse to the Pagan theology: it was an opinion that obtained in those early days, that Jupiter frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that Homer might intend to give his readers a lecture of morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the gods.

Madam Dacier carries it farther. Homer (say she) instructed by tradition, knew that God sends his angels to the succour of the afflicted. The scripture is full of

Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, ſo num'rous and ſo ſtrong!
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view,
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide?
Thy ſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread;
From me no harm ſhall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.

Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind
Are true, my ſon! (the god-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the Gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.

examples of this truth. The ſtory of Tobit has a wonderful relation with this of Homer: Tobit ſent his ſon to Rages, a city of Media, to receive a conſiderable ſum; Tobias did not know the way; he found at his door a young man clothed with a majeſtic glory, which attracted admiration; it was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being aſked who he was, anſwered (as Mercury does here) by a fiction; he ſaid that he was of the children of Iſrael, that his name was Azarias, and that he was ſon of Ananias. This angel conducted Tobias in ſafety; he gave him inſtructions; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and ſon offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and diſappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the ſtyle; and the example of our author ſo long before Tobit, proves, that this opinion of God's ſending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much ſpread amongſt the Pagans in thoſe former times. Dacier.

Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.
Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The ſacred meſſenger of heav'n reply'd)
But ſay, convey'ſt thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand?
Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land.
Or fly'ſt thou now? what hopes can Troy retain?
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain!
The king alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how god-like Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam ſpoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.
You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.
Oft' have theſe eyes that god-like Hector view'd
In glorious fight with Grecian blood embru'd:
I ſaw him, when like Jove his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half a hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
Forbad aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame;
Of ſev'n his ſons by whom the loſt was caſt
To ſerve our prince, it fell on me, the laſt.

To watch this quarter my adventure falls,
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?
O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then
The pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majestical in death! no stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
(Tho' many a wound they gave) some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
Thus spoke to Priam the cœlestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.

Bleſt is the man who pays the Gods above
The conſtant tribute of reſpect and love!
Thoſe who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My ſon forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the aſhes of the juſt, is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's ſake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our ſteps ſurvey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O king forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, abſent from my prince's ſight,
Take gifts in ſecret, that muſt ſhun the light?

℣. 519. *Bleſt is the man*, etc.] Homer now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and diſplay his poetical juſtice in rewards and puniſhments: thus Hector fought in a bad cauſe, and therefore ſuffers in the defence of it; but becauſe he was a good man, and obedient to the gods in other reſpects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it neceſſary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of Homer throughout his whole poem, in reſpect to morality. He juſtifies the character of Horace,

——*Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,*
Plenius et melius Chryſippo et Crantore dicit.

If the reader does not obſerve the morality of the Ilias, he loſes half, and the nobler part of its beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and miſtakes the chief aim of it, which is to inſtruct.

℣. 531. *But can I, abſent*, etc.] In the original of

What from our maſter's int'reſt thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'ſcapes the law.
Reſpecting him, my ſoul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the conſequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey:
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roring main.

He ſaid, then took the chariot at a bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly, with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round;
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars,
Unſeen, thro' all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.

this place (which I have paraphraſed a little) the word Συλεύειν is remarkable. Priam offers Mercury (whom he looks upon as a ſoldier of Achilles) a preſent, which he refuſes becauſe his prince is ignorant of it: this preſent he calls a direct *theft* or *robbery*; which may ſhew us how ſtrict the notions of juſtice were in the days of Homer, when if a prince's ſervant received any preſent without the knowlege of his maſter, he was eſteemed a thief and a robber. Euſtathius.

Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.

℣. 553. *Of fir the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these observations described the method of encamping used by the Grecians: the reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of Achilles: this royal pavilion was built with long palisadoes made of fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inside was divided into several apartments: thus Achilles had his αὐλὴ μεγάλη, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book Phœnix has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, Patroclus has another for himself and his captive Iphis, and Achilles has a third for himself and his mistress Diomeda.

But we must not imagine that the other Myrmidons had tents of the like dimensions: they were, as Eustathius observes, inferior to this royal one of Achilles: which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a soldier, and the simplicity of those early times.

I am of opinion that such fixed tents were not used by the Grecians in their common marches, but only during the time of sieges, when their long stay in one place made it necessary to build such tents as are here described; at other times they lay like Diomed in the tenth book, in the open air, their spears standing upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beasts spread on the ground, instead of a bed.

It is worthy observation, that Homer even upon so trivial an occasion as the describing the tent of Achilles, takes an opportunity to shew the superior strength of his hero; and tells us that three men could scarce open the door of his pavilion, but Achilles could open it alone.

Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate,
This Hermes (ſuch the pow'r of Gods) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The king of arts, the meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell: to ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the ſky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.
Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,

℣. 569. *Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.*] Euſtathius thinks it was from this maxim, that the princes of the eaſt aſſumed that air of majeſty which ſeparates them from the ſight of their ſubjects; but I ſhould rather believe that Homer copied this after the originals, from ſome kings of his time: it not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. Dacier.

℣. 571. *Adjure him by his father,* etc.] Euſtathius obſerves that Priam does not intirely follow the inſtructions of Mercury, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father Peleus: and this was judiciouſly done by Priam: for what motive to compaſſion could ariſe from the mention of Thetis, who was a goddeſs, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could Neoptolemus be any inducement to make Achilles pity Priam, when at the ſame time he flouriſhed in the greateſt proſperity? therefore Priam only mentions his father Peleus, who, like him, ſtood upon the very brink of the grave, and was

His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
  Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt,
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
  Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;

liable to the ſame misfortunes he ſuffered. Theſe are the remarks of Euſtathius; but how then ſhall we juſtify Mercury, who gave him ſuch improper inſtructions with relation to Thetis? All that can be ſaid in defence of the poet is, that Thetis, though a goddeſs, has through the whole courſe of the Ilias been deſcribed as a partner in all the afflictions of Achilles, and conſequently might be made uſe of as an inducement to raiſe the compaſſion of Achilles. Priam might have ſaid, I conjure thee by the love thou beareſt to thy mother, take pity on me! for if ſhe who is a goddeſs would grieve for the loſs of her beloved ſon, how greatly muſt the loſs of Hector afflict the unfortunate Hecuba and Priam?

  ℣. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between Priam and Achilles would furniſh an admirable ſubject for a painter, in the ſurprize

Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſs'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!

As when a wretch, (who conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurprize;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
'Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

of Achilles, and the other ſpectators, the attitude of Priam, and the ſorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumſtance of Priam's kiſſing the hands of Achilles is inimitably fine; he kiſſed, ſays Homer, the hands of Achilles; thoſe terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of ſo many ſons: by theſe two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by Achilles in the whole Ilias; and at the ſame time ſtrikes us with the utmoſt compaſſion for this unhappy king, who is reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to kiſs thoſe hands that had ſlain his ſubjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.

℣. 598. *The ſpeech of Priam to Achilles.*] The curioſity of the reader muſt needs be awakened to know how Achilles would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to ſuſtain the violent character of Achilles, and yet at the ſame time to ſoften him into compaſſion. To this end the poet uſes no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumſtance which is moſt likely to mollify him, and the two firſt words he utters are, μνῆσαι Πατρὸς, *ſee thy father*, O A-

In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face:
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him helpleſs from his peaceful ſtate;
Think, from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;

chilles, *in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his ſpeech; Achilles has every where been deſcribed as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderneſs that love and duty can ſuggeſt to an affectionate ſon.

Priam tells Achilles, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country: I am far from thinking that this was inſerted accidentally: it could not fail of having a very good effect upon Achilles, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that Hector had no particular enmity againſt Achilles, but that though he fought againſt him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will obſerve that Priam repeats the beginning of his ſpeech, and recalls his father to his memory in the concluſion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the ſtrongeſt motive, and leaves it freſh upon his memory; and poſſibly Priam might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impreſſion upon Achilles than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of Achilles dwells upon it, he again ſets him before his imagination by this repetition, and ſoftens him into compaſſion.

And hearing ſtill may hope, a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race; ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
How oft', alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel
Unhappy in his country's cauſe he fell!
  For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
  Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
  Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.

℣. 634. *Theſe words ſoft pity*, etc.] We are now come almoſt to the end of the poem, and conſequently to the end of the anger of Achilles: and Homer has de-

Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs thro' the heroes ran;
One univerſal ſolemn ſhow'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man.

Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known?
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone

ſcribed the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here obſerve how neceſſary the conduct of Homer was, in ſending Thetis to prepare her ſon to uſe Priam with civility: it would have been ill ſuited with the violent temper of Achilles to have uſed Priam with tenderneſs without ſuch pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected ſight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage: but Homer has avoided theſe abſurdities; for Achilles being already prepared for a reconciliation, the miſery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compaſſion.

℣. 653. *Achilles's ſpeech to Priam.*] There is not a

To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods ſevere decree:
They, only they are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;

more beautiful paſſage in the whole Ilias than this before us: Homer to ſhew that Achilles was not a mere ſoldier, here draws him as a perſon of excellent ſenſe and ſound reaſon: Plato himſelf (who condemns this paſſage) could not ſpeak more like a true philoſopher: and it was a piece of great judgment thus to deſcribe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere ſtrength: it alſo ſhews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very concluſion of the poem: by theſe means he fixes an idea of his greatneſs upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the ſtage with applauſe.

Neither does he here aſcribe more wiſdom to Achilles than he might really be maſter of; for as Euſtathius obſerves, he had Chiron and Phœnix for his tutors, and a goddeſs for his mother.

℣. 663. *Two urns by Jove's high throne*, etc.] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. Plato has accuſed it as an impiety to ſay that God gives evil: but it ſeems borrowed from the eaſtern way of ſpeaking, and bears a great reſemblance to ſeveral expreſſions in ſcripture: thus in the Pſalms, *In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out*

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt, he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd, is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heav'n.
The happieſt taſte not happineſs ſincere,
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and pow'r?
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour?
A realm, a Goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n,
Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
One evil yet o'ertakes his lateſt day,
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:

of the ſame; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth ſhall drink them.

It was the cuſtom of the Jews to give condemned perſons juſt before execution, οινον ἐσμυρνισμένον, wine mixed with myrrh, to make them leſs ſenſible of pain: thus Prov. xxxi. 6. *Give ſtrong drink to him that is ready to periſh.* This cuſtom was ſo frequent among the Jews, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itſelf, as in that paſſage, *Father, let this cup paſs from me.*

Some have ſuppoſed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus Pindar,

> Ἓν γὰρ ἐσθλὸν, πήματα σύνδυο
> Δαίονται βροτοῖς ἀθάνατοι.

But, as Euſtathius obſerves, the word ἕτερος ſhews that there were but two, for that word is never uſed when more than two are intended.

An only ſon! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes falls?
War, and the blood of man, ſurround thy walls!
What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!

To whom the king. O favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beech, depriv'd of obſequies.

ỳ. 685. *Extended Phrygia*, etc.] Homer here gives us a piece of geography, and ſhews the full extent of Priam's kingdom. Leſbos bounded it on the ſouth, Phrygia on the eaſt, and the Helleſpont on the north. This kingdom, according to Strabo in the 13th book, was divided into nine dynaſties, who all depended upon Priam as their king: ſo that what Homer here relates of Priam's power is literally true, and confirmed by hiſtory. Euſtathius.

O give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
  Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes)

ỳ. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] I believe every reader muſt be ſurprized, as I confeſs I was, to ſee Achilles fly out into ſo ſudden a paſſion, without any apparent reaſon for it. It can ſcarce be imagined that the name of Hector (as Euſtathius thinks) could throw him into ſo much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience and calmneſs by Priam in this very conference: eſpecially if we remember that Achilles had actually determined to reſtore the body of Hector to Priam. I was therefore very well pleaſed to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and ſuch a one as naturally ſolves the difficulty. The meaning of the paſſage I fancy may be this: Priam preceiving that his addreſs had mollified the heart of Achilles, takes this opportunity to perſuade him to give over the war, and return home; eſpecially ſince his anger was ſufficiently ſatisfied by the fall of Hector. Immediately Achilles takes fire at this propoſal, and anſwers. "Is it not enough that I have determined "to reſtore thy ſon? aſk no more, leſt I retract that "reſolution." In this view we ſee a natural reaſon for the ſudden paſſion of Achilles.

What may perhaps ſtrengthen this conjecture is the word πρῶτον; and then the ſenſe will run thus; ſince I have found ſo much favour in thy ſight, as firſt to permit me to live, O wouldeſt thou ſtill inlarge my happineſs, and return home to thy own country! *etc.*

Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame)

This opinion may be farther eſtabliſhed from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where Achilles aſks Priam, how many days he would requeſt for the interment of Hector? Achilles had refuſed to give over the war, but yet conſents to intermit it a few days; and then the ſenſe will be this: "I will not conſent to return home, but aſk a time for a ceſſation, and it ſhall be granted." And what moſt ſtrongly ſpeaks for this interpretation is the anſwer of Priam; I aſk, ſays he, eleven days to bury my ſon, and then let the war commence again, ſince *it muſt be ſo*, εἴπερ ἀνάγκη; ſince you neceſſitate me to it; or ſince you will not be perſuaded to leave theſe ſhores.

℣. 706. *While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleaſed to obſerve that this is the laſt ſally of the reſentment of Achilles; and the poet judiciouſly deſcribes him moderating it by his own reflection: ſo that his reaſon now prevails over his anger, and the deſign of the poem is fully executed.

℣. 709, 710. *For know, from Jove my Goddeſs mother came.*] The injuſtice of La Motte's criticiſm, (who blames Homer for repreſenting Achilles ſo mercenary, as to inquire into the price offered for Hector's body before he would reſtore it) will appear plainly from this paſſage, where he makes Achilles expreſly ſay, it is not for any other reaſon that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full.

--------------Διόθεν δέ μοι ἄγγελος ἦλθε
Μήτηρ ἥ μ' ἔτεκεν, θυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος,
Καὶ δέ σε γινώσκω Πρίαμε φρεσὶν, οὐδέ με λήθεις,
Ὅττι Θεῶν τις ἦγε θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt neglectful of high Jove's command
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
  The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad:
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body and anoint with oil;
Apart from Priam, leſt th' unhappy ſire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade,

If, in that gloom which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Reſtoring Hector) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.

He ſaid, and ent'ring, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief begun.
Lo! to thy pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
And ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life, forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:

℣. 757. *Not thus did Niobe, etc.*] Achilles, to comfort Priam, tells him a known hiſtory; which was very proper to work this effect. Niobe had loſt all her children, Priam had ſome remaining. Niobe's had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the ſight of their people, without any one preſenting himſelf to interr them: Hector has likewiſe been twelve days, but in the midſt of his enemies; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the laſt duties. The gods at laſt interred Niobe's children, and the gods likewiſe are concerned to procure honourable funerals for Hector. Euſtathius.

Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe, Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chaſtiz'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone:)
The Gods themſelves at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock, (for ſuch was heav'n's high will)
Thro' deſarts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Achelous ſprings,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus his ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
He ſaid, and riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.

The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty, ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd in ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt;
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His god-like aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.

℣. 798. *The royal gueſt the hero eyes*, etc.] The poet omits no opportunity of praiſing his hero Achilles, and it is obſervable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: he ſoftens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warrior, with ſeveral virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive ſoldier is become calm and compaſſionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his perſonage, and be aſtoniſhed at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his moſt diſtinguiſhing character, yet Achilles is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

Ἐπικερτομέων. The ſenſe of this word differs in this place from that it uſually bears; it does not imply τραχύτητα ὑβριστικὴν, any reproachful aſperity of language, but εἰσήγησιν ψευδοῦς φόβου, the raiſing of a falſe fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodged in the outermoſt part of the tent; and by this method he gives Priam an opportunity of going away in the morning without obſervation. Euſtathius.

Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke.
Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed,
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.
With that, Achilles bad prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: now father ſleep, but ſleep not here.
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,
Leſt any Argive (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.

ỳ. 819. *To aſk our counſel, or our orders take.*] The poet here ſhews the importance of Achilles in the army; though Agamemnon be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promiſes Priam a ceſſation of arms for ſeveral days, purely by his own authority. The method that Achilles took to confirm the truth of the ceſſation, agrees with the cuſtom which we uſe at this day, he gave him his hand upon it.

----------χεῖρα γέροντος
Ἔλλαβε δεξιτερήν. Euſtathius.

Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer;
But ſay with ſpeed, if ought of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd; what time the rites require
T' interr thy Hector? For, ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
  If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town,
And at what diſtance from our walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt:
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
  This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
  Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeis bright in blooming charms
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.
But in the porch the king and herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breaſt.
Now gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.

The pow'r deſcending hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou, father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhou'd ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence thro' the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire,
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near,
Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier:
A ſhow'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.

Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!

If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
  In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains,
In ev'ry face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown,
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;
But god-like Priam from the chariot roſe;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
  The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs, and muſic's ſolemn ſound:

℣. 900. *A melancholy choir*, etc.] This was a cuſtom generally received, and which paſſed from the Hebrews to the Greeks, Romans, and Aſiatics. There were weepers by profeſſion, of both ſexes, who ſung doleful tunes round the dead. Eccleſiaſticus chap. xii. ℣. 5. *When a man ſhall go into the houſe of his eternity, there*

Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And oh my Hector! Oh my Lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!

shall encompass him weepers. It appears from St. Matthew xi. 17. that children were likewise employed in this office. Dacier.

ỷ. 906, etc. The lamentations over Hector.] The poet judiciously makes Priam to be silent in this general lamentation; he has already borne a sufficient share in these sorrows, in the tent of Achilles, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of Troy, an excess of sorrow being unmanly: whereas these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the mother of Hector, and Helen, are the three persons introduced; and though they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamentations are so differeut, that not a sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other: Andromache speaks like a tender wife, Hecuba like a fond mother, and Helen mourns with sorrow rising from self-accusation: Andromache commends his bravery, Hecuba his manly beauty, and Helen his gentleness and humanity.

Homer is very concise in describing the funeral of Hector, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of Patroclus.

Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain)
Shall ſink a ſmoaking ruin on the plain,
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er,
(Thoſe wives muſt wait 'em) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord.
Or elſe ſome Greek whoſe father preſt the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence, many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?

℣. 934. *Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?*
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?

I have taken theſe two lines from Mr. Congreve, whoſe tranſlation of this part was one of his firſt eſſays

Some word thou wouldſt have ſpoke, which ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
  Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
  The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part.
O thou, the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt
Free, and a hero to the Stygian coaſt,
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain)
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair! as Phœbus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below.
  Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:

in poetry. He has very juſtly rendered the ſenſe of Πυκινὸν ἔπος, *dictum prudens*, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in ſome dangerous exigence; at which times what is ſpoken is uſually ſomething of the utmoſt importance, and delivered with the utmoſt care: which is the true ſignification of the epithet πυκινὸν in this place.

Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries.
Ah deareſt friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curſt the auth'reſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train,
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn my ſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam!
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a fun'ral pyre;
Twelve days, nor foes, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

He ſpoke; and at his word, the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſylvan ſtructure raiſe.
But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was born the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire,
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe;
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toil they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

The End of the fourth Volume.

WE have now paſt through the Iliad, and ſeen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the ſubject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a ſhort account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the concluſion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken ſoon after the death of Hector, by the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, the particulars of which are deſcribed by Virgil in the ſecond book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the ſhot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had propheſied at his death, *lib.* 22.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus the ſon of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a conteſt with Ulyſſes for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he ſlew himſelf through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deiphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herſelf to Menelaus her firſt huſband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarouſly murthered by Ægyſthus at the inſtigation of Clytæmneſtra his wife, who in his abſence had diſhonoured his bed with Ægyſthus.

Diomed after the fall of Troy was expelled his own country, and ſcarce eſcaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at laſt was received by Daunus in Apulia, and ſhared his kingdom: it is uncertain how he died.

Neſtor lived in peace with his children, in Pylos his native country.

Ulyſſes alſo, after innumerable troubles by ſea and land, at laſt returned in ſafety to Ithaca, which is the ſubject of Homer's Odyſſes.

289 - 290 page missing in book

AN INDEX OF PERSONS AND THINGS.

A

book ver.

ACAMAS 2 966
he kills Promachus 14 559
ACHILLES prays his mother to revenge his injuries on the Greeks 1 460
his ſpeech to the Greeks 1 79
his quarrel with Agamemnon 1 155, 297, 386
entertains Agamemnon's ambaſſadors 9 267
anſwers Ulyſſes 9 406
anſwers Phoenix 9 713
anſwers Ajax 9 762
his double fate 9 53[illegible]
ſeeing Machaon wounded ſends Patroclus to him 11 730
inquires of Patroclus the cauſe of his grief 16 9
ſends Patroclus to the battel, and gives him orders 16 68
arms his Myrmidons 16 190
and animates them 16 329
his bowl 16 273
offers a libation with prayers to Jove 16 282
not heard of the death of Patroclus 17 462
his horſes lament the death of Patroclus 17 486
he grieves for the death of Patroclus 18 25, 367
tells Thetis his grief 18 99
a deſcription of his ſhield 18 551
is concerned leſt Patroclus's body ſhould putrify 19 28
calls an aſſembly 19 44
makes a ſpeech to the aſſembly 19 57
refuſes to take any food before the battel 19 197
mourns exceedingly for

	book	ver.
the death of Patro-		
clus	19	335
he is armed	19	398
Agamemnon's preſents		
are delivered to A-		
chilles	19	243
he and Agamemnon		
reconciled	19	77
his anſwer to Aga-		
memnon	19	143
diſſuades Aeneas from		
contending with him	20	214
contemns Æneas for		
flying from him	20	393
he kills Iphition	20	439
Demoleon	20	457
Hippodamas	20	463
Polydore	20	471
and many others	20	525
addreſſes the ſpirit of		
Patroclus	23	25
kills many Trojans in		
the river Xanthus	21	25
denies Lycaon his life	21	112
he purſues Hector	22	182
kills him	22	453
declares the rites to be		
obſerved by his		
Myrmidons	23	8
cuts off his hair, devot-		
ed to the river		
Sperchius	23	171
he prays to the winds	23	237
inſtitutes funeral		
games	23	319
gives a cup to Neſtor	23	704
is deprived of ſleep	24	9
receives the petition of		
Priam	24	652
lays Hector's body on		
Priam's chariot	24	717
ADRESTUS	2	1007
taken by Menelaus	6	45
ÆNEAS	2	992
ſeeks Pandarus	5	214
together aſſault Dio-		
med	5	298
he kills Crethon and		
Orſilochus	5	769
he encounters with		
Achilles	20	19
anſwers Achilles	20	240
tells his lineage	20	252
the fight of Æneas		
and Achilles	20	307
Aetolians	2	694,
		779
AGAMEMNON	3	220
reſtores Chryſeis to		
her father	1	406
takes Briſeis from A-		
chilles	1	423
tells his dream in		
council	2	69
his ſpeech, adviſing a		
return to Greece	2	139
his prayer to Jupiter	2	489
orders Machaon to be		
called to aſſiſt Me-		
nelaus wounded	4	230
exhorts his ſoldiers	4	266
	5	650
blames the indolent	4	275
ſpeaks to Idomeneus	4	292
goes to the two Ajaces	4	311
goes to Neſtor	4	334
blames Meneſtheus	4	390
blames Diomed	4	422

	book	ver.
his words to wounded Menelaus	4	186
kills Deicoon	5	660
treats the generals	7	385
his speech to the generals	9	23
swears he has not carnally known Briseis	9	172
acknowleges his fault, and makes large offers to satisfy Achilles	9	148
sends ambassadors to Achilles	9	119
AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS in great perplexity	10	3
they deliberate together	10	41
he goes to Nestor	10	81
he arms	11	21
fights bravely	11	127
kills a great number	11	281
is wounded	11	325
goes out of the battel	11	360
advises flight	14	71
for which Ulysses blames him	14	88
is reconciled to Achilles	19	
he swears he has not enjoyed Briseis	19	267
his speech concerning the goddess Discord	19	87
AGENOR deliberates if he shall meet Achilles	21	649
meets him, and is saved by Apoll[illegible]	[illegible]	586
The Ægis of Jup[illegible]r	2	526
	5	911
	15	350
	[illegible]	467
A[illegible]	2	741
[illegible]leus's son	2	631
contends with Ulysses in the foot-race	23	880
quarrels with Idomeneus	23	555
AJAX TELAMON fights with Hector	7	250
his speech to Achilles	9	740
his retreat nobly described	11	672
The two AJAXES fight together	13	1023
AJAX TELAMON challenges Hector	13	628
his fight over the dead body of Alcathous	13	628
he wounds Hector	14	471
kills Archilocus	14	540
exhorts his men	15	591, 666, 890
defends the ships	15	814
is hard pressed	16	130
he speaks to Menelaus	17	282
kills Hippothous	17	338
he is in fear	17	705
advises Menelaus to send Antilochus to inform Achilles of Patroclus's death	17	737
contends with Ulysses in wrestling	23	820

	book	ver.
fights with Diomed	23	956
Amphimachus	2	755, 1060
Amphius	2	1007
Antenor advises to restore	7	419
ANDROMACHE and HECTOR	6	510
Andromache ignorant of Hector's death, runs to the tumult	22	562
her grief for his death	22	592
her lamentation	24	906
ANTILOCHUS kills Echepolus	4	522
kills Mydon	5	709
kills Menalippus	15	692
informs Achilles of Patroclus's death	18	21
he chears up his horses in the race	23	522
yields the contested prize to Menelaus	23	676
Antiphus	2	827, 1054
APOLLO sends a plague among the Greeks	1	61
encourages the Trojans	4	585
reprimands Diomed	5	533
raises the phantom of Æneas to deceive his enemies	5	546
excites Mars	5	553
drives Patroclus from the walls of Troy	16	863
and overthrows him	16	954
informs Hector of the death of Euphorbus	17	84
encourages Æneas	17	378
and Hector	17	658
incites Aeneas to encounter Achilles	20	410
forbids Hector to engage Achilles	20	431
saves Hector from Achilles	20	513
refuses to fight with Neptune	21	53
takes Agenor from Achilles	21	710
discovers the deceit to Achilles	22	15
complains to the Gods of the cruelties done to Hector's body	24	44
Archilocus	2	996
Ascalaphus and Jalmenus the sons of Mars	2	612
Ascanius	2	1050
Asius	2	1015
he is angry with Jupiter	12	184
Aspledon and Orchomenians	2	610
Asteropaeus meets Achilles and is killed	21	157
Astyanax	22	643
Athenians	2	655
Automedon and Alcimedon rule the horses of Achilles	17	488, 548

B.

	book	ver.
Bellerophon	6	194
The bowl of Achilles	16	273
Briseis	2	841

	book	ver.
ſhe is reſtored to A-		
chilles	19	254
grieves for Patroclus	19	303
Bupraſians	2	747
C.		
Calchas the prophet	1	91
he is blamed by Aga-		
memnon	1	13[illegible]
Caſtor and Pollux	3	30[illegible]
Cebrion brother and		
charioteer to Hector	16	895
Chromis	2	1046
Chryſes deſires his		
daughter who		
was captive	1	15
his prayers to Apollo	1	53
Coon	13	590
The Ceſtus of Venus	14	245
Cretans	2	785
D		
Dardanus	20	255
The dead are buried	7	495
Deiphobus is ſtricken		
by Merion, but not		
wounded	13	213
kills Hypſenor	13	509
he aſks Æneas to aſ-		
ſiſt him in attack-		
ing Idomeneus	13	575
kills Aſcalaphus	13	655
DIOMED	2	683
blames Sthenelus	4	66[illegible]
is wounded by Pan-		
darus	5	[illegible]30
invokes Minerva	5	146
kills Pandarus	[illegible]	[illegible]
wounds Venus	[illegible]	417
is in fear of He[illegible]r	5	732
wounds Mars	5	1050

	book	ver.
exhorts Ulyſſes to		
ſuccour Neſto[illegible]	8	117
he relieves Ne[illegible]or	8	129
his ſpeech to Aga-		
memnon	9	43
going [illegible] e-		
[illegible]		
U[illegible]yſſes for his		
companion	10	283
prays to Minerva	10	335
Diomed and Ulyſſes		
ſurprize Dolon,		
whom they take		
and examine	10	455
Diomed kills Dolon	10	524
kills the Thracians		
while ſleeping	10	560
returns with Ulyſſes		
to the fleet	10	624
he ſtrikes Hector	11	452
adviſes the wounded		
to go into the arr[illegible]		
to encourage ot[illegible]rs	14	122
Dione comforts Venus	5	471
Dius	2	1043
Dolon, a ſp[illegible], taken	10	447
is killed	10	524
Dulichi[illegible]ns	2	763
E.		
E[illegible]ephenor	2	654
Ennomus the augur	2	104[illegible]
Epiſtrophus	3	1043
Erichthonius	20	260
Eumelus's mares	2	926
Euphemus	2	1026
Euphorbus wounds		
Patroclus	16	97[illegible]
adviſes Menelaus to		
yield to him	17	14

	book	ver.
is killed by Menelaus	17	50
Euryalus	2	682
Eurypylus	2	893
wounded, is cured by Patroclus	11	981
Ganymede	20	
Glaucus	2	1065
accuses Hector of flight	17	153
Glaucus and Diomed in the battel meet and discourse together	6	150
interchange armour	6	286
his prayers to Apollo	16	633
exhorts the Trojans to defend the corse of Sarpedon	16	654
Gods, an assembly of them	4	2
Gods engage, some on one side and some on the other	20	91
The fight of the Gods	21	450
Grecian sacrifices	1	599
	2	502
they retreat from Troy	2	173
prepare for war	2	470
go to battel	3	522
their forces march	4	484
their flight	8	97
their watch	9	110
nine Grecians are willing to accept Hector's challenge	7	196
build a wall round the fleet	7	520
buy wine	7	566
an assembly of their generals	15	339
their ships are burnt	16	140
Guneus	2	906
H		
HECTOR sends out his forces to battel	2	988
his Paris's challenge to the Greeks	3	123
retreats out of the battel into Troy	6	296
exhorts the Trojans to supplicate Minerva	6	338
goes to the house of Paris	6	389
to his wife Andromache	6	463
his discourse with her	6	510
challenges the Greeks to single combate	7	79
exhorts his men	8	210
encourages his horses	8	226
sends Dolon as a spy	10	376
his glory	11	83
he exhorts his forces, and rushes to battel	11	368
derides Polydamas's advice	12	267
forces open a gate of the Grecian wall	12	537
exhorts his men	13	205
seeks for aid	13	967
rallies his forces, and attacks the enemy	13	991
answers Ajax	13	1041
kills Amphimacus	13	247
wounded, retreats	14	503
is encouraged by A-		

	book	ver.
pollo	15	288
goes again to battel	15	296
kills Lycophron	15	500
exhorts Menalippus	15	654
kills Peripoetes	15	770
takes a ſhip	15	854
is put to flight	16	440
	16	79[illegible]
encounters with Patroclus	16	885
and kills him	16	987
excites his men	17	260
his ſpeech to his warlike friends	17	205
he gives way to Ajax	17	140
anſwers Glaucus	17	187
puts on Achilles's armour	17	219
he purſues Achilles's horſes with the aſſiſtance of Aeneas	17	550
again endeavours to take the body of Patroclus	18	187
reſolves to combate with Achilles	20	415
aſſaults Achilles	20	485
his wound	23	470
he deliberates with himſelf	22	138
he fights with Achilles	22	317
his death	22	4[illegible]3
his funeral	24	[illegible]89
Hecuba deſires he would not fight Achilles	[illegible]	110
ſhe renews her deſires he would not fight Achilles	[illegible]	552
ſhe mourns his death	24	942
Helen goes to ſee the combate between Paris and Menelaus	3	123
the Trojans admire her beauty	3	204
chides Paris	3	552
ſpeaks to Hector	6	432
laments over Hector's body	24	962
Helenus adviſes Hector and Aeneas	7	48
	6	95
Hippothous	2	1021

I.

	book	ver.
Idaeus carries Paris's challenge to the Greeks	7	460
Idomeneus	2	791
	3	295
kills Othryoneus	13	457
Aſius	13	483
Alcathous	13	537
Iphidamas, his death finely deſcribed	11	283, *etc.*
Iris orders the Trojans to arms	2	956
tells Helen of the ſingle combate of Paris and Menelaus	3	165
is ſent to Pallas and Juno with Jove's orders	1	488
admoniſhes Achilles to ſuccour his friends fighting for the body of Patroclus	18	209

book ver.

summons the winds to raise the fire of Patroclus's pile 23 342
Ithacans 2 769
Juno sends Minerva to hinder the Greeks from retreating 2 191
her quarrel with Jupiter 4 31
she and Minerva prepare for fight 5 883
ask leave of Jupiter to go to battel 5 942
her speech to Neptune 8 242
dresses herself to deceive Jupiter 14 191
desires of Venus her girdle to deceive Jupiter 14 225
goes to the God of Sleep to put Jupiter into a sleep 14 266
by large promises obtains her requests 14 305
goes to Jupiter 14 331
denies it was at her request that Neptune assisted the Greeks 15 41
goes to the rest of the Gods 15 84
tells the order of Jupiter to Apollo and Iris 15 162
she advises with the Gods concerning Aeneas's fighting with Achilles 20 146

book ver.

sends Vulcan to oppose Xanthus 21 386
overcomes Diana 21 564
JUPITER promises Thetis to be revenged on the Greeks 1 672
inspires Agamemnon with a dream 2 9
forbids the Gods to assist either part 8 7
his golden chain 8 25
descends on Ida 8 57
sends Iris to order Juno and Minerva to retreat from the battel 8 488
sends Iris amongst the Greeks 11 4
sends Iris to forbid Hector some time from personally engaging 11 241
inspires Sarpedon to assault the Greek wall 12 348
is caused by Juno to sleep 14 305
awaking from sleep he is angry with Juno 15 5
orders Juno to send Iris and Apollo to him 15 59
sends Iris to order Neptune to desist from fighting 15 180
sends Apollo to encourage Hector 15 258
encourages Hector him-

	book	ver.
ſelf	15	722
is grieved for Sarpedon's death	16	530
orders Apollo to take care of Sarpedon's funeral	16	811
he examines Juno concerning the exciting Achilles to engage in battel	18	417
he gives the Gods leave to aſſiſt which party they pleaſe	22	29
he pities Hector	17	227
ſends Minerva to comfort Achilles	19	364
ſends Thetis to Achilles, ordering him to deliver Hector's body to Priam	24	137
ſends Iris to adviſe Priam to go to Achilles	24	178
orders Mercury to conduct Priam to Achilles	24	411
L.		
Lacedaemonians	3	704
Locrians	2	630
Lycaon overcome by Achilles	21	41
begs his life in vain	21	111
M.		
Machaon	2	889
cures Menelaus	4	250
Magneſians		916
Mars is wounded by Diomed	5	1050
on which account he expoſtulates with Jupiter	5	1059
for which he is reprehended by Jupiter	5	1092
hearing of the death of his ſon is enraged	15	126
Meges	2	761
Meleager, the ſtory of him	9	653
MENELAUS	2	710
undertakes to fight with Paris	3	137
is treacherouſly wounded by Pandarus	4	135
takes Adreſtus	6	45
would undertake to fight with Hector, but is hindered by Agamemnon	7	127
he and Ajax aſſiſt Ulyſſes	11	582
wounds Helenus	13	733
kills Piſander	13	753
exhorts Antilochus	15	680
he is deſpiſed by Euphorbus	17	18
kills Euphorbus	17	50
yields to Hector	17	101
exhorts the generals	17	294
is encouraged by Minerva	17	626
he ſends Antilochus to tell Achilles of the death of Patroclus	17	775
is angry with Antilochus	23	651

book ver.
Meneſtheus 2 665
ſends Thoos to the Ajaxes for aid 12 411
Mercury accompanies Priam 24 447
and conducts him to Achilles 24 541
admoniſhes Priam in his ſleep 24 780
Merion 2 792
wounds Deiphobus 13 668
kills Harpalion 13 813
Meſtles 2 1054
MINERVA goes to Pandarus to induce him to break the truce 4 119
ſtrengthens Diomed 5 109
forces Mars from the battel 5 45
derides Venus 5 509
prepares herſelf for the war 5 883, 908
aſks leave of Jupiter to go to the war 5 942
ſpeaks to Diomed 5 998
encourages Diomed to aſſault Mars 5 1020
her ſpeech to Jupiter 8 39
reſtrains Mars's anger 15 140
knocks down Mars with a mighty ſtone 21 469
vanquiſhes Venus and her lover 21 498
in the ſhape of Deiphobus perſuades Hector to meet Achilles 22 291
Mycenians 2 686
Myrmidons 2 834
go to the fight 16 312

N.

Naſtes 2 1062
Neptune, his and Jupiter's diſcourſe concerning the Grecian wall 7 53[illegible]
his diſcourſe with Idomeneus 13 285
brings help to the Greeks 12 17
encourages the two Ajaxes 13 73
and the Greeks 13 131
is angry with Jupiter 15 206
adviſes about the preſervation of Aeneas 20 341
preſerves Aeneas from Achilles's fury 20 367
comforts Ulyſſes 21 333
urges Apollo to fight 21 450
Nereids, the catalogue and names of them 18 42, etc.
NESTOR endeavours to reconcile Achilles and Agamemnon 1 330
Neſtor praiſed by Agamemnon 2 440
his ſpeech to the ſoldiers 2 402
NESTOR 2 716
his ſpeech to Aga-

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead: the merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations [illegible] me by Mr. Broome: and the whole [illegible] upon Homer was written upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland: how very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: and one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25. 1720. A. POPE.

Τῶν Θεῶν δὲ εὐποιΐα ------- τὸ μὴ ἐπὶ πλέον με προκόψαι ἐν Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἄλλοις ἐπιτηδεύμασι, ἐν οἷς ἴσως ἂν κατεσχέθην, εἰ ᾐσθόμην ἐμαυτὸν εὐόδως προϊόντα. M. AUREL. ANTON. *de seipso*, l. 1. §. 14.

book ver.

memnon 4 370
exhorts the soldiers 6 84
his speech for burying the dead, and building a wall 7 392
blames the Greeks for not daring to encounter Hector 7 145
is in great danger 8 102
flies with Diomed 8 190
his advice for guards and refreshment 9 86
for pacifying Achilles 9 141
approves Diomed's speech to Agamemnon 9 73
goes by night to Ulysses 10 157
encourages Diomed 10 180
advises to send spies into the enemy's camp 10 241
recites what he did in his youth 11 817
goes on an uproar to know the cause 14 1
prays to Jupiter 15 428
exhorts the Greeks to oppose the enemy 15 796
advises his son concerning the race 23 369
Niobe, her fable 24 757
Nireus, the most handsome Greek 2 817

O.

Orcus his helmet [illegible] 1037
Odius 2 1043

P.

Pandarus 2 1001

book ver.

treacherously wounds Menelaus 4 135
is killed by Diomed 5 352
PARIS boasts at the beginning of the fight 3 26
cowardly flies 3 44
blamed of Hector 3 55
undertakes a single combate with Menelaus 3 101
is armed 3 409
and fights with Menelaus 3 427
is taken from the combate by Venus 3 467
blamed by Helen 3 533
rescued from fight, is put to bed with Helen 3 555
refuses to restore Helen 7 428
wounds Diomed 11 482
Machaon 11 629
Eurypylus 11 709
kills Euchenor 13 626
PATROCLUS returns to Achilles 15 462
entreats Achilles to let him go to aid the Greeks 16 31
armed 16 162
exhorts the Myrmidons 16 324
he and his men kill many of the Trojans 16 448
16 483
16 847
exhorts the two A-

	book	ver.
jaxes	16	681
kills Cebrion	16	895
is struck by Apollo	16	954
a fierce contest about the body of Patroclus	17	314, 471, 613
appears to Achilles in a dream	23	78
his funeral pile	23	198
his sepulchre	23	305
his funeral games	23	323
Phidippus	2	827
Phocians	2	620
Phoenix intreats Achilles to be reconciled with Agamemnon	9	562
sits as one of the judges of the race	24	435
Phorcis	2	1050
Podalirius	2	889
Podarces	2	860
Polydamas advises to force the Greek lines	12	67
interprets a prodigy, and gives his advice	12	245
blames Hector	13	907
kills Prothenor	14	525
Polypoetes	2	904
and Leontius	12	141
Prayers and injustice, their influence on the Gods	9	624
PRIAM enquires of Helen about the Grecians which they saw	3	220
is called by an herald to agree to a treaty	3	319
returns into the city	3	386
speaks to the Trojans	7	444
commands the soldiers to open the gate	21	610
intreats Hector not to meet Achilles	22	51
bemoans the death of Hector	22	515
tells his wife the commands of Jupiter	24	233
takes the gifts to carry to Achilles	24	341
rebukes his sons,	24	311
his council to Hecuba	24	355
he prays to Jupiter	24	377
he meets Achilles	24	579
desires to sleep	24	
he carries the body of Hector into the city	24	882
Prodigies	11	70
	12	233
of a dragon which devoured a nest of birds and the dam	2	372
Protesilaus	2	853
Prothous	2	916
Pylaemenes	2	1034
is slain	5	705
Pylians	2	715
Pyraechmes	2	1028
R.		
Rhesus	10	505
is slain by Diomed	10	576
Rhodians	2	795
S.		
Sarpedon	2	1069

	book	ver.
wounded by Tlepolemus, desires the assistance of Hector	5	842
exhorts Glaucus to fight	12	371
breaks down a battlement of the wall	12	483
Soldiers, the good and bad described	13	359
Sleep, (the God of Sleep,) at the instance of Juno puts Jupiter into a sleep	14	266
incites Neptune	14	411
Sthenelus	2	683
answers Agamemnon sharply	4	456

T.

	book	ver.
Talthybius	1	421
Teucer from behind the shield of Ajax, kills many Trojans	8	310
is wounded by Hector	8	387
kills Imbrius	13	227
and Clitus	15	522
his bow is broke by a divine power	15	544
Thalpius	2	755
Thamyris his story	2	721
Themis presents the nectar bowl to Juno	15	96
Thersites his loquacity	2	255
Thetis, her words to Achilles	1	540
her petition to Jove for her son	1	652
she in great grief speaks to the Nereids	18	69
enquires of Achilles	18	95
promises Achilles armour made by Vulcan	18	172
goes to Vulcan	18	431
beseeches Vulcan to make Achilles's armour	18	529
carries the armour made by Vulcan to Achilles	19	13
Thoas	2	775
kills Pirus	4	610
Titaresius a river	2	910
Tlepolemus	2	793
fights with Sarpedon	5	776
Trojans and Grecians march to battel	3	1
they sign a treaty	3	338
Trojans and Greeks in battel	4	508
many of the Trojans killed	6	5
the Trojans watch	8	686
Trojans march, attack the Greek trenches	12	95
	12	295
Trojans fly	14	596
Trojans make a great slaughter	15	372
The Trojans fight bravely at the Grecian fleet	15	842

book ver.

they fly before the Greeks. 17 676
An assembly of the Trojans 18 289

V.

VENUS conveys Paris from the fight 3 467
bespeaks Helen 3 481
is angry with Helen 3 513
carries Helen to Paris 3 533
conveys Æneas out of the battel 5 385
is wounded by Diomed 5 417
complains of her being wounded to Dione 5 465
is laughed at by Minerva 5 499
with Apollo keeps the body of Hector from putrifying 23 226
ULYSSES 2 765
3 254
delivers Chryseis to her father 1 575
contends with Ajax in the course 23 828
prevents the Greeks from retreating 2 215
provokes Thersites 2 305
exhorts the soldiers to battel 2 347
answers Agamemnon 4 402
his speech to Achilles to reconcile him and Agamemnon 9 562

book ver.

exhorts Diomed to battel 11 408
is surrounded by the enemy 11 510
is wounded by Socus 11 547
kills Socus 11 561
advises to give the soldiers refreshment before the battel 19 153
advises Achilles to refresh himself 19 215
Vulcan admonishes Juno 1 746
remembers the benefits he has received of Thetis 18 461
enquires of Thetis the cause of her coming 18 496
makes a suit of armour for Achilles 18 531
dries up the river Xanthus 21 400

X.

Xanthus, Achilles's horse, foreshews the destruction of Achilles 19 452
Xanthus, the river, speaks to Achilles 21 232
rises against Achilles 21 258
invokes Simois against Achilles 21 364
supplicates Vulcan and Juno 21 423

A

POETICAL INDEX

TO

HOMER's ILIAD.

The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

FABLE.

THE great moral of the Iliad, that concord among governors, is the preservation of states, and discord the ruin of them; pursued through the whole fable.

The anger of Achilles breaks this union in the opening of the poem, *l.* 1. He withdraws from the body of the Greeks, which first interrupts the success of the common cause, *ibid.* The army mutiny, 2. The Trojans break the truce, 4. A great number of the Greeks slain, 7. 392. Forced to build fortifications to guard their fleet, *ibid.* In great distress from the enemy, whose victory is only stopt by the night, 8. Ready to quit their design, and return with infamy, 9. Send to Achilles to persuade him to a re-union, in vain, *ibid.* The distress continues; the generals and all the best warriors are wounded, 11. The fortification overthrown, and the fleet set on fire, 15. Achilles himself shares in the misfortunes he brought upon the allies, by the loss of his friend Patroclus, 16. Hereupon the hero is reconciled to the general, the victory over Troy is compleat, and Hector slain by Achilles, 19, 20, 21, 22, *etc.*

EPISODES OF FABLES *which are interwoven into the poem, but foreign to its design.*

The fable of the conspiracy of the Gods against Jupiter,

FABLE.

1. 516. Of Vulcan's fall from heaven on the island of Lemnos, 1. 761. The imprisonment of Mars by Otus and Ephialtes, 5. 475. The story of Thamyris, 2. 721. The embassy of Tydeus to Thebes, 4. 430. The tale of Bellerophon, 6. 195. Of Lycurgus and the Bacchanals, 6. 161. The war of the Pylians and Arcadians, 6. 165. The story of Phoenix, 9. 572. Of Meleager and the wars of the Curetes and Aetolians, 9. 653. The wars of Pyle and Elis, 11. 818. The birth of Hercules, and labour of Alcmena, 29. 103. The expulsion of Ate from heaven, 19. 93. Vulcan's abode with Thetis, and his employment there, 18. 463. The family and history of Troy, 20. 255. The transformation of Niobe, 24. 757. Building of the walls of Troy by Neptune, 21. 518.

Allegorical FABLES.

Moral.] Prudence restraining Passion, represented in the machine of Minerva descending to calm Achilles, 1. 261. Love alluring, and extinguishing Honour, in Venus bringing Paris from the combate

FABLE.

to the arms of Helen, 3. 460, *etc.* True Courage overcoming Passion, in Diomed's conquest of Mars and Venus, by the assistance of Pallas, 5. 507, *etc. through that whole book.* Prayers the daughters of Jupiter, following Injustice, and persecuting her at the throne of heaven, 9. 615. The Cestus, or girdle of Venus, 14. 247. The allegory of Sleep, 14. 265. The allegory of Discord cast out of heaven to earth, 19. 93. The allegory of the two Urns of Pleasure and Pain, 24. 663.

Physical or Philosophical.] The combate of the elements till the water subsided, in the fable of the wars of Juno or the Air, and Neptune or the Sea, with Jupiter or the Aether, till Thetis put an end to them, 1. 516. Fire derived from heaven to earth, imaged by the fall of Vulcan on Lemnos, 1. 761. The gravitation of the Planets upon the Sun, in the allegory of the golden chain of Jupiter, 8. 25. The influence of the Aether upon the Air, in the allegory of the congress of Jupiter and Juno, 14. 395. The Air supplied by the vapours of the Ocean and Earth, in the

FABLE. FABLE.

story of Juno nourished by Oceanus and Tethys, 14. 231. The allegory of the Winds, 23. 242. The quality of Salt preserving dead bodies from corruption, in Thetis or the Sea preserving the body of Patroclus, 19. 49.

For the rest of the Allegories see the System of the Gods as acting in their allegorical characters, under the article CHARACTERS.

Allegorical or fictitious persons in HOMER.

The lying dream sent to Agamemnon by Jupiter, 2. 7. Fame the messenger of Jove, 2. 121. Furies, punishers of the wicked, 3. 351. Hebe, or Youth, attending the banquets of the Gods, 4. 3. Flight and Terror attendants upon Mars, 4. 500. Discord described, 4. 502. Bellona Goddess of war, 5. 726. The Hours, keepers of the gates of heaven, 5. 929. Nymphs of the mountains, 6. 532. Night, a Goddess, 6. 342. Iris, or the Rainbow, 8. 486. Prayers the daughters of Jupiter, 9. 625. Eris or Discord, 11. 5. Ilythiæ, Goddesses presiding in womens labour, 11. 349. Terror the son of Mars, 13. 386. Sleep, 14. 265. Night, 14. 293. Death and Sleep, two twins, 16. 831. Nereids, or nymphs of the sea; a catalogue of them, 18. 45. Ate, or the Goddess of Discord, 19. 93. Scamander the river-God, 21. 231. Fire and Water made persons in the battel of Scamander and Vulcan, 21. 387. The East and West Winds, *ibid.* Iris, or the Rainbow, and the Winds, 23. 242.

The MARVELLOUS or supernatural FICTIONS in HOMER.

Omen of the birds and serpent, representing the event of the Trojan war, 2. 370. The miraculous rivers Titaresius and Styx, 2. 910. The giant Typhon under the burning mountain Typhaeus, 2. 952. Battel of the cranes and pygmies, 3. 6. Prodigy of a comet, 4. 101. Diomed's helmet ejecting fire, 5. 6. Horses of coelestial breed, 5. 327. Vast stone heaved by Diomed, 5. 370. And Hector, 12. 537. And Minerva, 20. 470. The miraculous chariot, and arms of Pallas, 5. 905,

FABLE. FABLE.

907, *etc.* The Gorgon, helmet, and Ægis of Jupiter, ibid. The gates of heaven, *ibid.* The leap of immortal horſes, 5. 960. Shout of Stentor, 5. 978. Roaring of Mars, 5, 1054. Helmet of Orcus, which rendered the wearer inviſible, 5 1036. The blood of the Gods, 5. 422. The immediate healing of their wounds, 5. 1116. The chimaera, 6. 220. Deſtruction by Neptune of the Grecian rampart, 12. 15. Wall puſhed down by Apollo, 15. 415. The golden chain of Jupiter, 8. 25. Horſes and chariot of Jupiter, 8. 50. His balances, weighing the fates of men, 8. 88.—22. 271. Jupiter's aſſiſting the Trojans by thunders and lightnings, and viſible declarations of his favour, 8. 93, 165, *etc.*—17. 670. Prodigy of an eagle and fawn, 8. 297. Horſes of the Gods, ſtables and chariots, pompouſly deſcribed, 8. 535, *etc.* Hector's lance of ten cubits, 8. 615. Omen of an heron, 10. 320. The deſcent of Eris, 11. 5. A ſhower of blood, 11. 70. —16. 560. Omen of an eagle and ſerpent, 12. 230. The progreſs of Neptune through the ſea, 13. 42. The chain of War and Diſcord ſtretched over the armies, 13. 451. The loud voice of Neptune, 14. 173. Solemn oath of the Gods, 14. 307.—15. 41. Minerva ſpreads a light over the army, 15. 808. Jupiter involves the combatants in thick darkneſs, 16. 422, 695. Horſes begot by the wind on a harpye, 16. 183. A ſhower of blood, 16. 560. Miraculous tranſportation and interment of Sarpedon by Apollo, Sleep and Death, 16. 810, *etc.* Prophecy at the hour of death, 16. 1026.—22. 450. Achilles unarmed puts the whole Trojan army to flight on his appearance, 18. 240, *etc.* Moving tripods and living ſtatues of Vulcan, 18. 440. 488. The horſe of Achilles ſpeaks by a prodigy, 19. 450. The battel of the Gods, 20. 63, *etc.* Horſes of a miraculous extraction, the transformation of Boreas, 20. 264. The wonderful battel of the Xanthus, 21. 230, *etc.* Hector's body preſerved by Apollo and Venus, 23. 226. The ghoſt of Patroclus, 23. 77. The two urns of Jupiter, 24. 663. The vaſt quoit of Aetion, 23. 975. The transformation of Niobe

FABLE.

and her people into ſtones, 24. 757.

Under this head of the marvellous may alſo be included all the immediate machines and appearances of the Gods in the poem, and their transformations: the miraculous birth of heroes; the paſſions in human and viſible forms, and the reſt.

CHARACTERS or MANNERS.

Characters of the GODS *of* HOMER, *as acting in the* physical *or* moral *capacities of thoſe deities.*

JUPITER.

Acting and governing all, as the ſupreme Being.] See the article Theology in the next Index.

JUNO.

As the element of Air.] Her congreſs with Jupiter, or the Æther, and production of vegetables, 14. 390, *etc.* Her loud ſhout, the air being the cauſe of ſound, 5. 978. Nouriſhed by Oceanus and Tethys, 14. 231.

As Goddeſs of Empire and Honour.] Stops the Greeks from flying ignominiouſly, 2. 191. *and in many other places.* Incites and commands Achilles to revenge the death of his friend, 18. 203, *etc.* Inſpires into Helen a contempt of Paris, and ſends Iris to call her to behold the combate with Menelaus, 3. 185.

APOLLO.

As the Sun.] Cauſes the plague in the heat of ſummer, 1. 16. Raiſes a phantom of clouds and vapours, 5. 545. Diſcovers in the morning the ſlaughter made the night before, 10. 606. Recovers Hector from fainting, and opens his eyes, 15. 280. Dazzles the eyes of the Greeks, and ſhakes his Aegis in their faces, 15. 362. Reſtores vigour to Glaucus, 16. 647. Preſerves the body of Sarpedon from corruption, 16. 830. And that of Hector, 23. 230. Raiſes a cloud to conceal Aeneas, 20. 515.

As *Deſtiny* [illegible]es Aeneas

from death, 5. 441. And Hector, 20. 513. Saves Agenor, 21. 706. Deserts Hector when his hour is come, 22. 277.

As Wisdom.] He and Minerva inspire Helenus to keep off the general engagement by a single combate, 7. 25. Advises Hector to shun encountering Achilles, 20. 431.

MARS.

As mere martial courage without conduct.] Goes to the fight against the orders of Jupiter, 5. 716. Again provoked to rebel against Jupiter by his passion, 15. 126. Is vanquished by Minerva, or Conduct, 21. 480.

MINERVA.

As martial courage with Wisdom.] Joins with Juno in restraining the Greeks from flight, and inspires Ulysses to do it, 2. 210. Animates the army, 2. 525. Described as leading a hero safe through a battel, 4. 632. Assists Diomed to overcome Mars and Venus, 5. 407, 1042. Overcomes them herself, 21. 480. Restrains Mars from rebellion against Jupiter, 5. 45.—15. 140. Submits to Jupiter, 8 [illegible] vises Ulysses to retire in time from the night expedition, 10. 593. Assists him throughout that expedition, 10. 350, *etc.* Discovers the ambush laid against the Pylians by night, and causes them to sally, 11. 851. Assists Achilles to conquer Hector, 22. 277, *etc.*

As Wisdom separately considered.] Suppresses Achilles's passion, 1. 261. Suppresses her own anger against Jupiter, 4. 31. Brings to pass Jupiter's will in contriving the breach of the truce, 4. 95. Teaches Diomed to discern Gods from men, and to conquer Venus, 5. 155, *etc.* Called the best beloved of Jupiter, 8. 48. Obtains leave of Jupiter, that while the other Gods do not assist the Greeks, she may direct them with her counsels, 8. 45. Is again checked by the command of Jupiter, and submits, 8. 569, 580. Is said to assist, or save any hero, in general through the poem, when any act of prudence preserves him.

VENUS.

As the passion of love.] Brings Paris from the fight to the embraces of Helen, and inflames the lovers, 3. 46-,

CHARACTERS.

330, *etc.* Is overcome by Minerva, or Wisdom, 5. 407. And again, 21. 500. Her Cestus or girdle, and the effects of it, 14. 247.

NEPTUNE.

As the Sea.] Overturns the Grecian wall with his waves, 12. 15. Assists the Greeks at their fleet, which was drawn up at the sea-side, 13. 67, *etc.* Retreats at the order of Jupiter, 15. 245. Shakes the whole field of battel and sea-shore with earthquakes, 20. 77.

VULCAN.

Or the Element of Fire] Falls from heaven to earth, 1. 761. Received in Lemnos, a place of subterraneous fires, *ibid.* His operations of various kinds, 18. 440, 468, 540. Dries up the river Xanthus, 21. 460. Assisted by the winds, 21. 390.

Characters of the HEROES.

N. B. *The Speeches which depended upon, and flow from these several characters, are distinguished by an* S.

ACHILLES.

Furious, passionate, disdainful, and reproachful, *lib.* 1. v. 155. S. 195. S. 295. S.—9. 405. S. 746. S.—24. 705.

Revengeful and implacable in the highest degree, 9. 755, 765.—16. 68. S. 121. S. —18. 120, 125. S.—19. 211. S.—22. 333. S. 437. S.

Cruel, 16. 122.—19. 395. —21. 112.—22. 437. S. 495. S.—23. 30.—24. 51.—

Superior to all men in valour, 20. 60, 437, *etc.*—21, 22, throughout.

Constant and violent in friendship, 9. 730.—18. 30, 371. —23. 54, 272.—24. 5. —16. 9. S. 208. S.—18. 100. S. 380. S.—19. 335. S.—22. 482. S.—Achilles scarce ever speaks without mention of his friend Patroclus.

ÆNEAS.

Pious to the Gods, 5. 226. S. —20. 132, 290, 345.—

Sensible and moral, 20. 242, 293, *etc.* S.

Valiant, not rash, 20. 130, 240. S.—

Tender to his friend, 13. 590.

See his character in the notes on l. 5. v. 212. *and on* l. 13. v. 578.

AGAMEMNON.

Imperious and passion[illegible], 1.

34, 720. S.—

Sometimes cruel, 6. 80.—2. 140. S.

Artful and deſigning, 2. 68, 95.—

Valiant, and an excellent General, 4. 256, 265, *etc.*—11. throughout.

Eminent for brotherly affection, 4. 183, *etc.* S.—7. 120.—

See his character in the notes on l. 11. v. 1.

A J A X.

Of ſuperior ſtrength and ſize, and fearleſs on that account, 13. 410.—7. 227. S. 274. S.—15. 666.

Indefatigable and patient, 11. 683, *etc.*—13. 877.—15. throughout.—14. 535.—ſhort in his ſpeeches, 7. 227.—9. 742.—15. 666, *etc.*

See his character in the notes on l. 7. v. 226.

D I O M E D.

Daring and intrepid, 5. throughout, and 8. 163, 180. S.—9. 65, 820.—10. 260.—

Proud and boaſting, 6. 152.—11. 500.

Vain of his birth, 14. 125.

Generous, 6. 265.—

Is guided by Pallas or Wiſdom, and chuſes Ulyſſes to direct him, 5. throughout.—10. 287, 335.

See his character in the notes on l. 5. v. 1.

H E C T O R.

A true lover of his country, 8. 621. S.—12. 284.—15. 582. S.

Valiant in the higheſt degree, 3. 89.—7. 80.—12. 270. S.—18. 333. S.—*etc.*

Excellent in conduct, 8. 610. S.—11. 663.—

Pious, 6. 140, 339, 605.—

Tender to his parents, 6. 315.

—to his wife, 6. 456.

—to his child, 6. 606.

—to his friends, 20. 485.—24. 962.—

See his character in the notes on l. 3. v. 53.

I D O M E N E U S.

An old ſoldier, 13. 455, 648.—

A lover of his ſoldiers, 13. 280.—

Talkative upon ſubjects of war, 13. 340, 355, *etc.*—4. 305. S.—

Vain of his family, 13. 565. *etc.*

Stately and inſulting, 13. 472, *etc.*

See his character in the notes on l. 13. v. 279.

CHARACTERS.

MENELAUS.

Valiant, 3. 35.—13. 733.—17. throughout.

Tender of the people, 10. 32.—

Gentle in his nature, 10. 138.—23. 685.—

But fired by a sense of his wrongs, 2. 711.—3. 45.—7. 109. S.—13. 780. S.—17. 640.

See his character in the notes on l. 3. v. 278.

NESTOR.

Wise and experienced in council, 1. 331, 340.—2. 441.—

Skilful in the art of war, 2. 432, 670.—4. 338, *etc.* S.—7. 392. S.—

Brave, 7. 165.—11. 817.—15. 796. S.

Eloquent, 1. 332, *etc.*

Vigilant, 10. 88, 186, 624.—

Pious, 15. 427.

Talkative through old age, 4. 370.—7. 145.—11. 800.—23. 373. 718.—and in general through the book.

See his character in the notes on l. 1. v. 339.—on 2. 402, etc.

PRIAM.

A tender father to Hector, 22. 5. S.—24. 275.

CHARACTERS.

——to Paris, 3. 381.

——to Helen, 3. 212. S.

An easy prince of too yielding a temper, 7. 443.

Gentle and compassionate, 3. 211, 382.

Pious, 4. 70.—24. 920. S.

See his character in the notes on l. 3. v. 211.

PARIS.

Effeminate in dress and person, 3. 27, 55, 80, 409.

Amorous, 3. 550.

Ingenious in arts, music, 3. 80. Building, 6. 390.

Patient of reproof, 3. 86.

Naturally valiant, 6. 669.—13. 985.

See his character in the notes on l. 3. v. 26, 37, 86.

PATROCLUS.

Compassionate of the sufferings of his countrymen, 11. 947.—16. 5, 31. S.

Rash, but valiant, 16. 709.

Of a gentle nature, 19. 320.—17. 755.

SARPEDON.

Valiant, out of principle and honour, 5. 575. S.—12. 371. S.

Eloquent, *ibid.*

CHARACTERS.

Careful only of the common cause in his death, 16. 605. S.

See his character in the notes on l. 16. v. 512.

ULYSSES.

Prudent, 3. 261.—10. 287.—19. 218.—

Eloquent, 3. 283.—9. 295. S. *etc.*

Valiant in the field with caution, 4. 566.—11. 515, *etc.*

Bold in the council with prudence, 14. 90.

See his character in the notes on l. 2. v. 402. et sparsim.

Characters of other HEROES.

Agenor, valiant and considerate, 21. 648.

Antenor, a prudent counsellor, 7. 418.

Ajax Oileus, famous for swiftness, 2. 631.—14. 618.

Antilochus, bold-spirited, but

CHARACTERS.

reasonable, and artful, 4. 522.—23. 505, 618, 666. S.—23. 920, 930.

Euphorbus, beautiful and valiant, 16, 973.—17. 11, 57.—

Glaucus, pious to his friend, 16. 660.—17. 165. 180.

Helenus, a prophet and hero, 6. 92.

Meriones, dauntless and faithful, 13. 325, *etc.*

Machaon, an excellent physician, 2. 890.—11. 630.

Phoenix, his friendship and tenderness for Achilles, 9. 605.

Polydamas, prudent and eloquent. *See his speeches,* 12. 70, 245.—13. 907.—18. 300.—

Teucer, famous for archery, 8. 320.—15. 510, *etc.*

Thoas, famous for eloquence, 15. 322.

For other less distinguished characters, see the article, Descriptions of the passions.

SPEECHES or ORATIONS.

A TABLE *of the moſt conſiderable in the* ILIAD.

In the exhortatory or deliberative kind.

The oration of Neſtor to Agamemnon and Achilles, perſuading a reconciliation, 1. 340. The orations of Neſtor, Ulyſſes, and Agamemnon, to perſuade the army to ſtay, 2. 350, 402, 452. Of Sarpedon to Hector, 5. 575. Of Neſtor to encourage the Greeks to accept the challenge of Hector, 7. 145. Of Hector to the Trojans, 8. 621. Of Neſtor to ſend to Achilles, 9. 127, Of Ulyſſes, Phoenix, and Ajax, to move Achilles to a reconciliation, 9. 295, 562, 742. Achilles's reply to each, *ibid.* Sarpedon to Glaucus, 12. 371. Of Neptune to the Greeks, to defend the fleet, 13. 131. Of Ajax to the Greeks, 15. 666. Neſtor to the ſame, 15. 796. Of Ajax again, 15. 890. Scamander to the river Simois, 21. 360. Juno to Vulcan, 21. 387. Achilles to Patroclus, 16. 20, *etc.*

In the vituperative kind.

The ſpeech of Therſites, 2. 275. That of Ulyſſes anſwering him, 2. 306. Of Hector to Paris, 3. 55. Of Agamemnon to Diomed, 4. 422. Of Hector to Paris, 6. 406. Of Diomed to Agamemnon, 9. 43. Of Ulyſſes to the ſame, 14. 90. Sarpedon to Hector, 5. 575. Glaucus to Hector, 17. 153.

In the narrative.

Achilles to Thetis, 1. 476. Pandarus to Æneas, 5. 230. Glaucus to Diomed, 6. 190. Phoenix to Achilles, 9. 562, 652. Agamemnon to the Greeks, 19. 90. Æneas to Achilles, 20. 240. Of Neſtor, 7. 163.—11. 800. —and the ſpeeches of Neſtor in general.

In the pathetic.

Agamemnon on Menelaus wounded, 4. 186.

Andromache to Hector, and his anſwer, [illegible]. [illegible] 57[illegible]

SPEECHES.

Patroclus and Achilles, 16. 10, etc.

Jupiter on sight of Hector, 17. 231.

Lamentation of Briseis for Patroclus, 19. 303.

——of Achilles for Patroclus, 19. 335.

——of Priam to Hector, 22. 51. 530.

——of Hecuba to the same, 22. 115. and again, 24. 243, 943.

——of Andromache at Hector's death, 22. 608.

——of Andromache at his funeral, 24. 908.

——of Helena, 24. 962.

Lycaon to Achilles, 21. 85.

Thetis to the Nereids, 17. 70.

The ghost of Patroclus to Achilles, 23. 83.

Priam to Achilles, 24. 600.

SPEECHES.

In the irony, or sarcasm.

The speech of Pallas on Venus being wounded, 5. 509.

Ulysses over Socus, 11. 566.

Idomeneus over Othryoneus, 13. 472.

Four sarcastic speeches over the dead, 14. 529, 550, 561, 587. Juno to Mars concerning Ascalaphus, 15. 120.

Æneas to Meriones, 16. 745.

Patroclus on Cebriones, 16. 903. Hector on Patroclus, 16. 1003. Achilles to Otryntides, 20. 450.——to Lycaon, 21. 135.——to Hector, 22. 415.

Speeches to horses.

Hector to his horses, 8. 225.

Achilles to his horses, 19. 440.

Jove to the horses of Achilles, 17. 504.

Antilochus, 23. 483.

Menelaus, 23. 522.

DESCRIPTIONS of IMAGES.

A Collection of the most remarkable throughout the Poem.

Descriptions of PLACES.

Of the apartment of Juno, 14. 191.

Of a burning mountain, 2. 950.

City in flames, 17. 825.

Court of justice, 18. 577.

Ends of the earth and sea, the residence of Saturn and Iapetus, 8. 597.

Fountains of Scamander, 22. 195.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Field, plowed, 18. 627.

Forest, when timber is felled, 11. 120.—23. 144.

Heaven, the seat and pleasures of the Gods, 1. 690, 772. —4. 3. The gates of heaven, 5. 928.—8. 478. The Gods assembled, 20. 9.

Ida, its forests, temple, and prospect, 8. 57.—14. 320.

Landscapes of a fine country, 2. 840, 1036, 1040. Of pasture-grounds and sheep, 18. 677.

Mount of Hercules near Troy, 20. 174.

Palace of Neptune, 13. 35.

Palace of Priam described, 6. 304. Of Paris, 6. 59.

River Axius described, 2. 1030.

River Titaresius and Peneus, 2. 910.

Sea, and islands rising out of it, 2. 770.

Tempe described, 2. 918.

Tent of Achilles described, 24. 553.

Troy, the country about it, and roads, 22. 191.—13. 20.—14. 260.

Tomb of Ilus, 11. 477. Of Bateia, 2. 984. Of Sarpedon, 16. 820.

Vulcan, his palace, forge, *etc.* 18. 431, *etc.*

A vineyard, 18. 651.

Wall of the Grecians, 7. 523.

Winds, their court and mansion described, 23. 241.

Descriptions of PERSONS.

Achilles's dreadful appearance, 29. 59.—22. 31, *etc.* 393.—

Apollo's person, ensigns, and descent to earth, 1. 61.

Apollo's appearance in the war, 15. 348.

Ajax, his sullen retreat described, 11. 675, *etc.* to 696.

Brothers, two killed together, 20. 531.

A coward, described in Thersites, beaten, 2. 326. A coward described throughout, 13. 359.—again in Thestor, 16. 488. A coward surprized, 10. 443.

Diana cuffed and buffeted, 21. 570.

Gods, Homer's great ideas of them, in the descriptions of their armour, 5. 907. Motion, 13. 30.—15. 90.—5. 960. Battels, 15. 252.—20. 63, *etc.*—21. 450, *etc.*

Hours at the gates of heaven, 5. 929.

Hector's horrible appearance in battel, 8. 417.—12. 553. —13. 1010.—15. 730. Hector's dead body dragged at the chariot of Achilles, 22. 500.

Jupiter in his glory, 1. 15, 172.—8. 550.—in his chariot, 8. 50, 542, *etc.*—in

his terrors, 17. 670.

Juno, drest, 14. 200.

Lycaon, his youth and unhappy death, 21. 40, *etc.*

Mars and Bellona before Hector in battel, 5. 726.—Mars in arms, 7. 252.—23. 385.—15. 726.—his monstrous size, 21. 473.

Mercury described, 24. 417.

Neptune, his chariot and progress, 13. 28, *etc.*

Niobe, turned into a rock, 24. 773.

Old man, a venerable one, 2. 330. Old counsellors of Troy conversing, 3. 197, *etc.* A miserable old man, in Priam, 22. 80, *etc.*

Priam passing through his people, in sorrow, to go to redeem Hector, 24. 402. Priam weeping at the feet of Achilles, 24. 636.

Pallas, her descent from heaven, 4. 99. Her armour, spear, and veil, 5. 905.—8. 466.

Teucer, behind Ajax's shield, 8. 321.

Youth, a beautiful one, killed, 4. 542.—17. 55, *etc.*—20. 537. Interceding for mercy in vain, 21. 75.

A young and old man slain in war, their pictures, 22. 100.

Descriptions of THINGS.

Of an assembly gathering together, 2. 110.—

Battel. [*See the article* Military Descriptions.]

Burning up of a field, 21. 400. A bow, 4. 137.—

Blood trickling from a wound, 4. 170, *etc.*

Brightness of a helmet, 5. 5.

Burial of the dead, 7. 494.

A breach made in an attack, 12. 485.—

Boiling water in a cauldron, 18. 405.—21. 425.

Beacon, 19. 405.—

Beasts sacrificed, 23. 41.

A bird shot through, 23. 1033.

Chariot of Jupiter, 8. 50, 542. Of Neptune, 13. 41. Chariot described at large, 24. 335.—5. 889, *etc.* A chariot-race, 23. 353, *etc.* Chariots overturned, 16. 445. Chariots crushing the bodies, 20. 577.

A child frighted at a helmet, 6. 595.

Golden chain of Jupiter, 8. 25.

A conflagration, 21. 387, 400.

Cookery described, 9. 277.—

Cestus, the game described, 23. 766, *etc.*

Deformity, 2. 263.—

Dancing, 18. 681, *etc.*

DESCRIPTIONS.

Discus, the game described, 23. 927, *etc.*

Diving, 24. 105.

Driving a chariot, 11. 363, 655.—

Dreadful appearance of the Myrmidons, 16. 192.—of Achilles, 18. 254.

Darkness, 17. 422.

Death, 16. 1033.—22. 455.—*The descriptions of different sorts of deaths in Homer, are innumerable, and scattered throughout the battels.*

Ægis, or shield of Jupiter, 2. 526.—5. 909.—15. 350.—21. 465.

An entrenchment, 7. 520.—

Eagle stung by a serpent. 12. 233. Eagle soaring, 24. 390.

Furnace and forge described, 18. 540.

Fishes scorched, 21. 413.

Flowers of various kinds, 14. 396.—

Famine, 19. 160, *etc.*

Fall of a warrior headlong into the deep sands, 5. 715.

Fatigue in the day of battel, 2. 458.—16. 132.—17. 445.

Fainting, 5. 856.—11. 460.—14. 487, 509.—

Fires by night, described, 8. 685, *etc.*

Recovery from fainting, 15. 271.

Fortification attacked, 12. 170, *etc.* 201, 304, 407.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Funeral of a warrior, 23. 156.—funeral pile described, 23. 200.

Gates of a fortification broken, 12. 545.

Goblet described, 11. 774.

Girdle of Venus, 14. 245.

Horses, the famous ones of Eumelus, 2. 924. Of Hector, 8. 226. Of Achilles, 16. 181. Of Tros, 5. 327. Of Ericthonius, 20. 262.

Horse pampered and prancing, 6. 651. Horse killed by a dart, 8. 105. Horses afraid of leaping a ditch, 12. 57. Horses of Achilles mourning for Patroclus, 17. 490.

A feat of horsemanship, 15. 822.

Helmet of Jupiter. 5. 918. Helmets nodding their plumes, 13. 945.

Hospitable life of a good man, 6. 16.

Harvest, 18. 637.

Herds of oxen, 18. 665.

Inundation, 12. 13.—15. 465. Of Scamander against Achilles, 21. 258, *etc.* 350, *etc.*—

Lightnings and thunder, 7. 571.—8. 93, *etc.* 161, *etc.*

Light coming over a plain, 15. 810.—17. 430.—

Light streaming from a bea-

DESCRIPTIONS.
con by night, 19. 405.
Majesty of a prince, 2. 564.
—3. 221.
Majestic march of Sarpedon, 12. 356. Of Juno, 14. 26.
Melancholy, 6. 245.
Moon and stars described, 8. 687.
Marriage-pomp, 18. 570.—
Monument over the dead, 17. 492.
Noise, a loud one, 5. 1054. —13. 1055.—14. 172, 457.—16. 767.
Night past in inquietude by the soldiers, and their several postures of taking rest, 10. 82, 170.
Old age, 3. 150. The picture of its miseries in state of war, 22. 80.
Orphan, its misery, 22. 620, *etc.*
Procession described, 6. 367.
Peaceful life, 9. 520.
Posture of a man receiving a dart on his shield lifted up, 13. 511.—20. 325, *etc.*
Panting described, 13. 555, 720.—
Perfumes, 14. 198.
Plume of a helmet, 19. 410. —13. 947.
Plowing, 12. 627.
Rainbow, 11. 37,—24. 100. —17. 616.
Reaping, 18. 637.
Running away, 21. 634.
Running round Troy, Hector and Achilles, 22. 250,

DESCRIPTIONS.
etc. Seeming to run in a dream, 22. 257.
Rough way described, 23. 139.
A race described, 23. 881, *etc.*
Shield of Achilles, described at large, 18. 550, *etc.* Of Hector, 6. 143. Of Ajax, 7. 265.
Scales of Jupiter, 22. 271.
Smoke cleared, and light returning, 16. 350.
Sailing of a ship, 1. 625. Ship anchoring and coming into port, 1. 566.
The stately stalk of a hero, 7. 251.—15. 815.—
A sacrifice described, 1. 600. —7. 380.—
Sleep, 2. *init.*—14. 265, *etc.*
A slaughter by night, 10. 560.
Snow, 12. 331.—
Soldiers, when off from duty, their amusements, 2. 938.
Shooting with the bow, 4. 144. *to* 156.—23. 1005. —8. 389.
Spear of Achilles, 19. 420. A spear driven deep into the earth, 21. 188.
A stone whirling on the ground with vast force, 14. 174.
Stone, thrown by a hero, 5. 370.—7. 320.—12. 537. —14. 472.—
Swiftness of horses, 20. 270.
Swooning, 16. 955.
Vintage, 18, 651.
Wall, overwhelmed by waters, 7. 550.—12. 23.

DESCRIPTIONS.
Woodman's dinner, 11. 120.
Woods felled down, 23. 144.
—16. 767.
War, its miseries, 9. 709.
Watch by night, 10. 208.
Wrestling described, 23. 821.—
Wound of Venus described, 5. 417. Diomed wounded, 5. A wound healing, 5. 1111.
Water, troops plunging in, 21. 9. A fight in the water, 21. A tree falling in the water, 26. 269. Water rolling down a hill in a current, 21. 290. Arms floating upon the water, 21. 351.
Winds rising, 23. 261.

Descriptions of TIMES *and* SEASONS.

Day-break, 10. 295.—
Morning, 2. 60.—7. 515.—8. 183.—9. 833.—11. 1.—11. 115.—19. 1.—
Sun-rising, 11. 871.
Noon, 19. 938.—
Sun-setting, 1. 716.—7. 556.—8. 605.
Evening, 16. 942.—
Night, 2. *init.*—10th book throughout. A starry night, 8. 687.
Spring, 14. 3, 5.
Summer, 18. 637.
Autumn, 18. 651.—5. 1060.—22. 40.

DESCRIPTIONS.
Winter, 12. 175, 331.

MILITARY *Descriptions.*

An army descending on the shore, 2. 117. An army marching, 2. 181, 940. The day of battel, 2. 458. A vast army on the plain, 535, *etc.* to 563. An army going forth to battel, 2. 976.—13. 59.—16. 255.—19. 377.
A chariot of war, 5. 890, *etc.*
Confusion and noise of battel, 16. 621.—
A single combate, with all the ceremonial, 3. 123, *etc.*
The combate between Paris and Menelaus, 3. 423.
———of Hector and Ajax, 7. 250 to 335.
———of Hector and Achilles, 22.
Squadrons embattled, 4. 322.—5. 637.—8. 260.—
First onset of battel, 4. 498 to 515.
A circle inclosing the foe, 5. 772.
Stand of an army, 7. 75. Joining in battel, 8. 75, *etc.*—13. 422. A rout, 11. 193.—14. 166.—16. 440, *etc.*—21. 720. A fortification attacked, 12. 170, 201, 304. A breach made, 12. 485. An obstinate close fight, 12. 510.—15. 86[illegible]

DESCRIPTIONS.

An army in close order, 13. 177 to 185.—17. 406. An attack on the sea-side, 14. 452. Levelling and passing a trench, 15. 408. Attack of the fleet, 15. 677, *etc.* 786, 855, *etc.* A hero arming at all points, Agamemnon, 11. 21. Patroclus, 16. 162. Achilles, 19. 390. Siege of a town, 18. 591, *etc.* Surprize of a convoy, *ibid.* Skirmish, *ibid.* Battel of the Gods, 20. 63 to 90. Two heroes meeting in battel, 20. 192. The rage, destruction, and carnage of battel, 20. 574,

Descriptions of the INTERNAL PASSIONS, *or of their visible* EFFECTS.

Anxiety, in Agamemnon, 10. 13, *etc.* 100, *etc.*

Activity, in Achilles, 19. 416.

Admiration, 21. 62.—24. 800.—

Affright, 16. 968.—

Amazement, 24. 590.

Ambition, 13. 458.

Anger, 1. 252.

Awe, 1. 430.

Buffoonry in Thersites, 2. 255, *etc.*

Contentment, 9. 520.

Conjugal love, in Hector and Andromache, 6. 510, *etc.*

DESCRIPTIONS.

Courage, 13. 109, 366.—17. 250.

Cowardice, 13. 359.—16. 488.—

Curiosity, in old men, 3. 194, *etc.*

Despair, 22. 377.

Diffidence, 3. 280.

Distress, 8. 290.—9. 12, *etc.* —10. 96.

Doubt, 14. 21, *etc.*—21. 651, *etc.*—22. 138.

Fear, 10. 443.—24. 441.—

Fear in Priam, 21. 615. For his son, 22. 43, 51, *etc.*

Fear of a child, 6. 596.

Fidelity, in Lycophron, servant of Ajax, 15. 501. Calesius, servant of Axylus, 6. 20.

Grief in a fine woman, 1. 150.——3. 185.——1. 450.—

Grief of a sister for her dead brothers, 3. 300, *etc.*

Grief in two parents in tenderness for their child, 6. 504.

Grief occasioned by love of our country, in Patroclus, 16. *init.*

Grief for a friend in Achilles for Patroclus, 18. 25, 100, *etc.*—19. 335.—22. 482.—24. 5.—

Furious grief, 18. 367.

Frantic grief, 24. 291.

Grief of a father for his son, in Priam, 22. 522, *etc.*—24. 200, 275, 291.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Grief of a wife for her husband, 22. 562. to the end, the episode of Andromache, and again, 24. 906.
Grief out of gratitude, in Briseis, 19. 319. in Helen, 24.
Haste, expressed in Hector, 15. 395, 402, *etc.*
Hate, in Achilles to Hector, 22. 335, 433. *etc.*
Hardness of heart, 9. 750.—
Insolence, in Tlepolemus, 5. 783. in Epeus, 24. 767
Joy, its visible effects, 23. 678.
Love, in Helen and Paris, 3. 551, *etc.* in Jupiter and Juno, 14. 332, *etc.* 357.—
Conjugal love, in Hector and Andromache, 6, *etc.*
Love of a mother to her son, in Thetis to Achilles, 18. 70.—24. 117.
Brotherly love, in Agamemnon and Menelaus, 4. 183.
Filial love, in Harpalion, 13. 805.
Lovers sorrow at parting, in Achilles and Briseis, 1. 450. In Hector and Andromache, 6. 640. Effects of beauty on old men, 3. 203.——
Malice in Thersites, 2. 255. —Modesty, 14. 373.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Pride, in Othryoneus, 13. 457.
Pity, of a people for their prince in misery, 24. 402.
Repentance, in Helen, 3. 230, 493.—— 6. 432 to 450.—
Rashness, in Asius, 12. 125, *etc.*
Resentment, in Achilles, 1. 635.—15. 72.——
Revenge, in Menelaus, 2. 710. In Achilles, for Patroclus, 18. 125, *etc.*—19. 211, 394.—
Revenge and glory, 16. 123.
Resolution, 19. 466. In Hector, 22. 47, 107.
Shame, in Helen, 3. 185, *etc.* 521.—— In Juno, 14. 373.—
Spite, in Juno, 15. 110.—— In Menelaus, 17. 640.
Tenderness, of parents for their child, in Hector and Andromache, 6. 504, 598, 616.—
Wish, of Hector, to be immortal, 13. 1046.
—of Achilles, for a general Destruction, 16. 122.
—of Ajax, to die in the daylight, 17. 730.

SIMILES.

From BEASTS.

The ſtatelineſs of a bull, to the port of Agamemnon, 2. 566.—Of a ram ſtalking before the flock, to Ulyſſes, 3. 259. A wanton ſtallion breaking from the paſtures and mares, to Paris iſſuing from his apartment, 6. 652. A hound following a lion, to Hector following the Grecians, 8. 407. Dogs watching the folds, to the guards by night, 10. 211. Hounds chaſing a hare through thick woods, to Diomed and Ulyſſes purſuing an enemy by night, 10. 427. A hind flying from a lion, to the Trojans flying from Agamemnon, 11. 153. Beaſts flying from a lion, to the ſame, 10. 227. Hounds cheared by the hunter, to troops encouraged by the general, 11. 378. A hunted boar, to Ajax, 11. 526. A wounded deer encompaſſed with wolves to Ulyſſes ſurrounded by enemies, 11. 595. An aſs ſurrounded by boys, to Ajax, 11. 683. A fawn carried off by two lions, to the body of Imbrius carryed by the Ajaxes, 13. 265. A boar enraged, to Idomeneus meeting his enemy, 13. 595. An ox rolling in the pangs of death, to a dying warrior, 13. 721. Beaſts retreating from hunters, to the Greeks retiring, 15. 303. Oxen flying from lions, to the Greeks flying from Apollo and Hector, 15. 366. A hound faſtening on a roe, to a hero flying on an enemy, 15. 697. A wild beaſt wounded and retiring from a multitude, to Antilochus his retreat, 15 702. A hideous aſſembly of wolves, to the fierce figure of the Myrmidons, 16. 194. Wolves invading the flocks, to the Greeks, 16. 420. A bull torn by a lion to Sarpedon killed by Patroclus, 16. 600. A bull ſacrificed, to Aretus, 17. 588. Hounds following a boar, to the Trojans following Ajax, 17. 811. Mules dragging a beam, to heroes carrying a dead body, 17. 832. A panther hunted, to Agenor, 21. 978. A hound purſuing a fawn, to Achilles purſuing Hector, 22. 243.

From LIONS.

A lion rousing at his prey, to Menelaus at sight of Paris, 3. 37. A lion falling on the flocks, and wounded by a shepherd, to Diomed wounded, 5. 174. A lion among heifers, to the same, 5. 206. Two young lions killed by hunters, to two young warriors, 5. 681. A lion destroying the sheep in their folds, to Ulysses slaughtering the Thracians asleep, 10. 564. The sour retreat of a lion, to that of Ajax, 11. 675. A lion, or boar hunted, to a hero distressed, 12. 47. A lion rushing on the flocks, to Sarpedon's march, 12. 357. A lion killing a bull, to Hector killing Periphas, 15. 760. A lion slain, after he has made a great slaughter, applied to Patroclus, 16. 909. Two lions fighting, to Hector and Patroclus, 16. 915. A lion and boar at a spring, to the same, 16. 993. A lion putting a whole village to flight, to Menelaus, 17. 70. Retreat of a lion, to that of Menelaus, 17. 117. A lioness defending her young, to his defence of Patroclus, 17. 1[illegible]other retreat of a lion, to that of Menelaus, 17. 741. The rage and grief of a lion for his young, to that of Achilles for Patroclus, 18. 371. A lion rushing on his foe, to Achilles, 20. 200.

From BIRDS.

A flight of cranes or swans, to a numerous army, 2. 540. The noise of cranes, to the shouts of an army, 3. 5.— An eagle preserving and fighting for her young, to Achilles protecting the Grecians, 9. 424. A falcon flying at a quarry, to Neptune's flight, 13. 91. An eagle stooping at a swan, to Hector's attacking a ship, 15. 836. Two vultures fighting, to Sarpedon and Patroclus, 16. 522. A vulture driving geese, to Automedon, scattering the Trojans, 17. 527. An eagle casting his eyes on the quarry, to Menelaus looking through the ranks for Antilochus, 17. 761. Cranes afraid of falcons, to the Greeks afraid of Hector and Æneas, 17, 845. A dove afraid of a falcon, to Diana afraid of Juno, 21. 576. A falcon following a dove, to Achilles pursuing Hector, 22. 183. An eagle at an hare, to

to Achilles at Hector, 22. 391. The broad wings of an eagle extended, to palace-gates ſet open, 24. 391.

From SERPENTS.

A traveller retreating from a ſerpent, to Paris afraid of Menelaus, 3. 47. A ſnake rolled up in his den, and collecting his anger, to Hector expecting Achilles, 22. 130.

From INSECTS.

Bees ſwarming, to a numerous army iſſuing out, 2. 111. Swarms of flies, to the ſame, 2. 552. Graſhoppers chirping in the ſun, to old men talking, 3. 201. Waſps defending their neſt, to the multitude and violence of ſoldiers defending a battlement, 12. 190. Waſps provoked by children flying at the traveller, to troops violent in an attack, 16. 314. A hornet angry, to Menelaus incenſed, 17. 642. Locuſts driven into a river, to the Trojans in Scamander, 21. 14.

From FIRES.

A foreſt in flames, to the luſtre of armour, 2. 534. The ſpreading of a conflagration, to the march of an army, 2. 948. Trees ſinking in a conflagration, to ſquadrons falling in battel, 11. 201. The noiſe of fire in a wood, to that of an army in confuſion, 14. 461. A conflagration, to Hector, 15. 728. *The* rumbling and rage of a fire, to the confuſion and *roar* of a routed army, 17. 815. Fires on the hills, and beacons to give ſignals of diſtreſs, to the blaze of Achilles's helmet, 18. 245. A fire running over fields and woods, to the progreſs and devaſtations made by Achilles, 20. 569. Fire boiling the waters, to Vulcan operating on Scamander, 21. 425. A fire raging in a town, to Achilles in the battel, 21. 608. A town on fire, 22. 518.

From ARTS.

The ſtaining of ivory, to the blood running down the thigh of Menelaus, 4. 170. An architect obſerving the rule and line, to leaders preſerving the line of battel, 4. 474. An artiſt managing four horſes, and leaping from one to another, compared to A-

SIMILES. SIMILES.

jax striding from ship to ship, 15. 822. A builder cementing a wall, to a leader embodying his men, 16. 256. Curriers straining a hide, to soldiers tugging for a dead body, 17. 450. Bringing a current to water a garden, to the pursuit of Scamander after Achilles, 21. 290. The placing of rafters in a building, to the posture of two wrestlers, 23. 825. The motions of a spinster, the spindle and thread, to the swiftness of a racer, 23. 885. The sinking of a plummet, to the passage of Iris, through the sea, 24. 107.

From TREES.

The fall of a poplar, to that of Simoisius, 4. 552. Of a beautiful olive, to that of Euphorbus, 17. 57. Two tall oaks on the mountains, to two heroes, 12. 145. The fall of an ash, to that of Imbrius, 13. 241. Of a pine or oak stretched on the ground, to Asius dead, 13. 493. An oak overturned by a thunderbolt, to Hector felled by a stone, 14. 408. An oak, pine or poplar falling, to Sarpedon, 16, 591. The short duration and quick succession of leaves on trees, to the generation of men, 6. 181.——21. 540.

From the SEA.

Rolling billows, to an army in motion, 2. 175. The murmurs of waves, to the noise of a multitude, 2. 249. Succession of waves, to the moving of troops, 4. 475. A fresh gale to weary mariners, like the coming of Hector to his troops, 7. 5. ——The seas settling themselves, to thick troops composed in order and silence, 7. 71. The sea agitated by different winds, to the army in doubt and confusion, 9. 5. The waves rolling neither way, till one wind sways them, to Nestor's doubt and sudden resolution, 14. 21. A rock breaking the billows, to the body of the Greeks, resisting the Trojans, 15. 746. The sea roaring at its reception of a river into it, to the meeting of armies at a charge, 17. 310. A beacon to mariners at sea, to the light of Achilles's shield, 19. 405. A dolphin pursuing the lesser fish, to Achilles in Scamander, 21. 30.

From the SUN, MOON, STARS.

The moon and stars in glory, to the brightness and number of the Trojan fires, 8. 687. A star sometimes shewing and sometimes hiding itself in clouds, to Hector seen by fits through the battalions, 11. 83. The sun in glory, to Achilles, 19. 436. The evening star, to the point of his spear, 22. 399. The dog-star rising, to Diomed's dreadful appearance, 5. 8.——to Achilles, 22. 37. The red rays of the dog-star, to Achilles's helmet, 19. 412. The morning-star, its beauty, to young Astyanax, 6. 499.

From TORRENTS, STORMS, WINDS.

Torrents rushing to the vallies, to armies meeting in an engagement, 4. 516. Torrents drowning the field, to the rage of a hero, 5. 116. A torrent stopping a shepherd, to Hector stopping Diomed, 5. 754. The violence of a torrent, to Ajax, 11. 615. A storm overwhelming a ship at sea, to the Trojans mounting a breach, 15. 440. An autumnal storm and a deluge, to the ruin of a routed army, 16. 467. A storm roaring in a wood, to armies shouting, 16. 923. The wind tossing the clouds, to Hector driving the Greeks, 11. 396. Different winds driving the dust, to different passions urging the combatants, 13. 425. A whirlwind on the waters, to the hurry of an army in motion, 13. 1000. Winds roaring through woods, or on the seas, to the noise of an army, 14. 457. A tempest and shipwreck, compared to the rage of Hector and terrors of the Greeks, 15. 754. The north wind drying a garden, to Vulcan drying the field after an inundation, 21. 403.

From heavenly appearances, THUNDER *and* LIGHTNING, COMETS, CLOUDS, *etc.*

A mountain shaken by thunder, to the trampling of an army, 2. 950. The blaze of a comet, to the descent of Pallas, 4. 101. The darkness of troops, to the gathering of clouds, 4. 314. The regular appearance of clouds on the mountain tops, to a

line of battel, 5. 641. Pestilential vapours ascending, to Mars flying to heaven, 5. 1058. The quick flashes of lightning, to the thick sighs of Agamemnon, 10. 5. Thick flakes of snow, to showers of arrows, 12. 175. Snow covering the earth, to heaps of stones hiding the fields, 12. 331. The blaze of lightning, to the arms of Idomeneus, 13. 318. Clouds dispersed and the prospect appearing, to the smokes being cleared from the ships, and the navy appearing, 16. 354. A cloud shading the field as it rises, to the rout of the Trojans flying over the plain, 16. 434. The figure of a rain-bow, to the appearance of Pallas, 17. 616. The lustre of snow, to that of armour, 19. 380.

From RURAL AFFAIRS.

Waving of corn in the field, to the motion of plumes and spears, 2. 172. A shepherd gathering his flocks, to a general ranging his army, 2. 562. A thick mist on the mountains, to the dust raised by an army, 3. 15. The bleating of flocks, to the noise of men, 4. 492. Chaff flying from the barn-floor, to the dust, 5. 611. Corn falling in ranks, to men slain in battel, 10. 90. The joy of a shepherd seeing his flock, to the joy of a general surveying his army, 13. 626. The corn bounding from the threshing-floor, to an arrow bounding from armour, 13. 739. Two bulls plowing, to two heroes labouring in a battel side by side, 13. 879. Felling of timber, to the fall of heroes in battel, 16. 767. Oxen trampling out the corn, to horses trampling on the slain, 20. 580. The morning dew reviving the corn, to the exaltation of joy in a man's mind, 23. 678.

From LOW LIFE.

A mother defending her child from a wasp, to Minerva's sheltering Menelaus from an arrow, 4. 162. An heifer standing over her young one, to Menelaus guarding the body of Patroclus, 17. 5. Two countrymen disputing about the limits of their land, to two armies disputing a post, 12. 511. A poor woman weighing wool, the scales hanging uncertain, to the doubtful fates of two armies, 12. 522. Boys

SIMILES.

building and destroying houses of sand, to Apollo's overturning the Grecian wall, 15. 416. A child weeping to his mother, to Patroclus's supplications to Achilles, 16, 11.

SIMILES *exalting the characters of men by comparing them to* GODS.

Agamemnon compared to Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, 2. 564. Ajax to Mars, 7. 252. Meriones to Mars rushing to the battel, 13. 384. Hector to Mars destroying armies, 15. 726.

SIMILES *disadvantagious to the* CHARACTERS.

Paris running from Menelaus, to a traveller frighted by a snake, 3. 47. A gaudy foppish soldier, to a woman dressed out, 2. 1063. Teucer skulking behind Ajax's shield, to a child, 8. 325. Thestor pulled from his chariot, to a fish drawn by an angler. 16, 495. Ajax, to an ass, patient and stubborn, 11. 683. Patroclus weeping, to an infant, 16. 11. Cebriones tumbling, to a diver, 16. 904.

SIMILES.

MISCELLANEOUS SIMILES.

Soft piercing words, to snow, 3. 285. The closing of a wound, to milk turning to curd, 5. 1114. The fall of a hero, to a tower, 4. 528. Indefatigable courage, to an axe, 3. 90. Agamemnon weeping, to a fountain, 9. 19. Juno flying, to the mind passing over distant places, 15. 86. Dancers, to a wheel turning round, 18. 695. A warrior breaking the squadrons, to a mound dividing the course of a river, 17. 839. Men seeming to run in a dream, to the course of Hector and Achilles, 22. 257. A father mourning at the funeral of his son, to Achilles for Patroclus, 23. 272. A fragment of a rock falling, to the furious descent of Hector, 13. 191. A poppy bending the head, to Gorgythion dying, 8. 371. The swift motion of the Gods, to the eye passing over a prospect, 5. 960. The smoothness of their motion, to the flight of doves, 5. 971.

VERSIFICATION.

Expressing in the sound the things described.

Made *abrupt* (and without conjunctions) in expressing haste, 7. 282.—15. 402.
Short, in earnest and vehement entreaties, 21. 420.—23. 506.
Full of Breaks, where disappointment is imaged, 18. 101, 144,—22. 378.
—where rage and fury is expressed, 18. 137.
—where grief is scarce able to go on, 18. 101.—22. 616, 650.
Broken and disordered in decribing a stormy sea, 13. 1005.
Straining, imaged in the sound, 15. 544.
Trembling, imaged in the sound, 10. 446.
Panting, 13. 721.
Relaxation of all the limbs in death, 7. 18, 21.
A confused noise, 12. 410.
A hard-fought spot of ground, 12. 513. *etc.*
Tumbling of a wall, 7. 552.
Bounding of a stone from a rock, 13. 198.
A sudden stop, 13. 199.
Stiffness and slowness of old age, 13. 649, 653.—23. 423.
A sudden fall, 23. 146.
The rustling and crashing of trees falling, 23. 147.
The rattling and jumping of carts over rough and rocky way, 23. 139, 140.
A sudden shock of chariots stoped, 16. 445.
Leaping over a ditch, 16. 460.
The quivering of feathers in the sun, 19. 415.
Supplanted by a stream, 21. 268, 269.
The flashing of waters, 21. 273.
Bounding and heaving on the waters, 21. 350.
Out of breath, 21. 419, *etc.*
Voice of different animals expiring, 23. 41, 42, *etc.*

INDEX

OF

ARTS and SCIENCES.

The first number marks the book, the second the verse.

ART MILITARY.

PRaise of art military, 4. 631.

Ambush esteem'd a venturous manner of fighting. *l.* 1. ver. 299. *l.* 13. ver. 355.

Ambuscade describ'd, 18. 605.

Attack, 12, 95, *etc.* *ibid.* 171. *ibid.* 305, *etc.*

Arming, the policy of giving the best arms to the strongest, 14. 438.

Besieging, 11. 61.—12, 170, 303, 534.—8. 262.——22. 5.

Single combat, 3. 123, *etc.*—7. 80, *etc.*

Courts of Justice in the camp, 11. 938.

Councils of war, 7. 415.——8. 610,—9. 130, *etc.*—10. 146.—232.—357.—18. 290.——

Military exercise, 7. 289, *etc.*

Encamping, the manner of encampment of the *Trojans*, 10. 496. Of the *Thracians* in three lines, their weapons on the ground before them, the chariots as a fence, outward, 10. 544.

Fortification, walls with battlements, in the line, towers upon those walls, gates at proper distances, and trenches inclosed with palisadoes, 7. 406, 523. The strong gates to a fortification, how compos'd, 12. 545

Marshalling armies, 2. 665, *etc.* Cantoning the troops of each nation under their own leaders, 2. 433. Embodying in an orb, 4. 312. Disposing in order of battel, 4. 342, *etc.* Lines of battel in exact order, 5. 642, *etc.* Where to place the worst soldiers, 4. 344.

Another order of battel, 11. 62. In an *Orb*, 17. 411. Close fight, 15. 860. In the *Phalanx*, 13. 177. *etc.* 15. 744. In the *Testudo*, 22. 6.

Armies drawn up in *two wings*, with a *center*, 13. 396.

The strength of the army placed in the centre, 13. 401.

Marching an army in silence and discipline, 3. 11.—— 4. 487.

Method of passing a trench and palisadoes, 12. 65, *etc.*

Plunder and Pillage forbidden till the conquest is compleat, 6. 85.

Retreat. The manner of retreat prescrib'd, 5. 746. That of *Ajax*, 11. 675.—— 17. 837.

Soldiers taught to row in the gallies, serving both as soldiers and sailors, 2. 876.

Scouts, 10. 43, 245. and at large in the story of *Diomed*, *Ulysses*, and *Dolon*, in that book.

Spies, 18. 605.

Watch towers, to observe the motions of the foe, 2. 261, ——22. 192.

Watch, at set stations, 7. 455. Nightly watch by fires, 8. 632. At the fortifications in regular bodies under distinct captains, 9. 110, *etc.* Management of the army by night, under fears of surprize, 10. 63 *to* 226. The manner of the warriors sleeping, 10. 170. The posture of the guards, 10. 210. Better to trust the guard to native troops than to foreigners, 10. 490, *etc.*

AGRICULTURE *and* RURAL ARTS.

Tillage. The manner of plowing, 10. 420.——18. 627. Plowing with oxen, 13. 880. with mules, 10. 420. Usual to plow the field three times over, 18. 628. Reaping, 11. 89.—— 18. 637. Treading out the corn by oxen instead of threshing, 20. 580. Fanning the chaff, 5. 611.—— 13. 740.

Pasturage, 18. 667. Meadow grounds with running water, *Ibid.* *Vintage*, 18. 651. Bringing currents to water gardens, 21. 290.

Fishing, by angling, 24. 107. ——by diving, 16. 905.

Hunting, the boar, 17. 814. ——11. 526. Lion, 11. 378.——17. 743. The deer, 11. 595.——15. 697. The panther, 21. 680. The hare, 10. 427.

Shooting, flying, 23. 1030.

ARCHITECTURE.

Architecture, the gift of *Minerva*, 5. 80.
Architecture of a palace upon arches, with apartments round a court built entirely of marble, 6. 304.
—— *Paris* skilful in architecture, brings together architects to erect his palace, 6. 391,
Rafters, how placed, 23. 827.——
Building walls, 16. 256.
The rule and line, 15. 477.
Architecture of a tent, with a suit of apartments within one another, 24. 555, *etc.*

ASTRONOMY.

In general, 18. 560.
Orion and the Bear, 18. 563.
The rising of the *dog-star*, 5. 10.
A comet describ'd, 4, 101,—
The rainbow, 11. 36.
Power of the stars in nativities, 22. 610.

DIVINATION.

Divination by *augury*, 2. 375, *etc.*——8. 297.——10. 320.——12. 230.——13. 1039.——24, 361, *etc.*
Hector's opinion of augury, 12. 277.
By *omens*, thunder and lightnings, 7. 571.——9, 310.——11. 58.——13. 319.
The rainbow, 11. 38,——17, 616.
Comets, 4. 101.——
Showers of blood, 11. 70.——560.
By *Lots*, 7, 215.
By *Dreams*, 1. 81.——5. 191.
By *Oracles*, 16. 54.——16. 290. that of *Dodona*, and the manner of it, *etc.*

GYMNASTICS.

Dancing, 16. 217. The different kinds for men and women, 18. 687.——The circular, 18. 573.——Mixed, 18. 690.——
Dancing practised by warriors, 16. 746.
——with swords, 18. 688.
Diving, 16. 905, 495.
Tumblers, 18, 698.——
Horsemanship.] Manage of the horse, 5. 280. Precepts of horsemanship, and the art of racing, 23. 391, *etc.* Four horses rid by one man at once, 15. 122. Three thousand breeding mares at once in the stables of *Ericthonius*, 20. 262.
The *Cestus*, 23. 753, *etc.*
The *Quoit*, or *Discus*, 23. 972, *etc.*

Wrestling, 23, 810, *etc.*
Racing, 23. 880, *etc.*

GEOGRAPHY.

A TABLE *of those places, whose situation, products, people, or history*, etc. *are particulariz'd by* HOMER.

Ætolia, and its royal family, 2. 780.
Arcadia, and the genius of the inhabitants, 2. 735.
Aulis, its rocky situation, 2. 590.
Imbrus and *Tenedos*, islands near *Troy*, 13. 50.——
Istiaea, famous for vineyards, 2. 645.
Ithaca, and the neighbouring islands in prospect, 2. 769, *etc.*
Larissa, its fertility, 2. 1019.
Lectos, situate on the top of mount *Ida*, 14. 320.
Lemnos, traded in wines, 7. 559.
Maeander, the river, 2. 1056.
Maeonia, under the mountains of *Tmolus*, 2. 1052.
Messe, a town of *Sparta*, abounding in doves, 2. 705.
Mycalessus, its plain, 2. 593.
Anthedon, the last town in *Bœotia*, 2. 607.
Areue, its plain, watered by the river *Minyas*, 11, 860.
Arisba, on the river *Sellcis*, 2. 1014.
Arne, celebrated for vines, 2. 606.
Æsepus, a *Trojan* river of black water, 2. 1000.
Argos, its sea coast described, with the products of that part of the country, 9. 198, *etc.*
Athens, and some customs of the Athenians, with mention of the temple of Minerva, 2. 657, 663.
Alybe, famous anciently for silver mines, 2. 1045.
Axius, the river, described, 2. 1030.
Boagrius, the river and places adjacent, 2. 638.
Bœbe, the lake and parts adjacent, 2. 865.
Calydon, its rocky situation, 2. 777.——9. 653.
Cephissus, the river and places upon its banks, 2. 622.
Cerinthus, situate on the seashore, 2. 648.
Cyllene, the Arcadian mountain, with the tomb of Æpytus, 2. 731.
Crete, its hundred cities, 2. 790.
Carians, a barbarous mixed people, 2. 1059.
Dodona, its site, temple, grove, *etc.* 16. 287.– 2. 909.
Dorion, the place of Thamyris's death, the celebrated musician, 2. 721.

Elis, its exact boundaries, 2. 747. and the islands opposite to that continent, 760 to 774.

Ephyre, the ancient name of Corinth, 6. 193.

Epidaurus, planted with vineyards, 2. 679.

Eteon, its hills, 2. 591.

Haliartus, pasture grounds, 2. 598.

Hellespont, 2. 1024.

Helos, a maritime town, 2. 708.

Henetia, famous for its breed of mules, 2. 1035.

Hermion and Asine, seated on the bay, 2. 680.

Hippemolgians, their long life and nutriment, 13. 12.

Hippoplacian woods, 6. 539.—22. 611.—

Hyla, its watry situation and the genius of the inhabitants, 5. 871.

Hyperia, its fountains, 2. 895.

Mount *Ida*, its fountains and forests, 14. 321.

Catalogue of the rivers that run from mount Ida, 12. 17.

Jardanus and Celadon, two rivers, 7. 163.

Mycenae, and its maritime towns, 2. 686.

Onchestus, and the grove of Neptune, 2. 600.

Orchomenos, one of the principal cities for wealth in Homer's time, 9. 498.

Parthenius, the river and places adjacent, 2. 1038.

Pedasus, seated on the river Satnio, 6. 41.

Peneus, the river running through Tempe, and mount Pelion, described, 2. 918.

Phthia, its situation, 1. 204. famous for horses, 203.

Phylace and Phyrrhasus, a beautiful country with groves and flowery meadows, described, 2. 850.

Rhodes, its wealth, its plantation by Tlepolemus, and division into three dynasties, 2. 808, *etc.*

Samothracia, the view from its mountains, 13. 19.

Scamander, its two springs, 22. Its confluence with Simois, 5. 965.

Scyros, the island. 19. 353.

Sidon, famous for works of sculpture, 23. 866. and embroidery, 6. 360.

Sipylus, its mountains, rocks, and desarts, 24. 775.

Sperchius, a river of Thessaly, 23. 176.

Styx, the river described, 2. 915.

Thebae, in Ægypt, anciently the richest city in the world with a hundred gates, described, 2. 506.

Thessaly, its ancient division, and inhabitants, 2. 833.

Thisbe, famous for doves, 2. 601.

Thrace, its hills and promontories, 14. 260, *etc.*
Titaresius, the river, 2. 910.
Troy, its situation and remarkable places about it, 2. 982. —11. 217.
Typhœus, the burning mountain, 2. 953.
Xanthus, the river of Troy, described, its banks, and plants produced there, 21. 507, *etc.*
Xanthus, the river of Lycia, 2. *v. ult.*
Zelia, situate at the foot of mount Ida, 2. 998.

HISTORY.

History preserved by Homer.] Of the heroes before the siege of Troy, Centaurs, *etc.* 1. 347 to 358. Of Tlepolemus planting a colony in Rhodes, 2. 808. Of the expulsion of the Centaurs from Greece, 2. 902. Of the wars of the Phrygians and Amazons, 3. 245. Of the war of Thebes, and embassy of Tydeus, 4. 430. Of Bellerophon, 6. 194. Of Erythalion and Lycurgus, 7. 164. Of the Curetes and Ætolians, 9. 653. Of the wars of the Pylians and Ætolians, 11. 818 Of the race of Troy, 20. 255, *etc.* *To this head may be referred the numerous Genealogies in our author.*

MUSIC.

Music practised by princes, the use of the harp in Achilles, 9. 247. in Paris, 3. 80.
The use of the pipe, 10. 15. —18. 609.
Vocal music accompanying the instruments, 1. 775.
Chorus's at intervals, 24. 902.
Music used in the army, 10. 15.
——at funerals, 24. 900.
——in the vintage, 18. 661.
Trumpets in war, 18. 260.

MECHANICS.

Archery, making a bow, and all its parts described, 4. 136, *etc.*
Chariot-making, a chariot described in all its parts, 5. 889, *etc.* 24. 335.
Poplar proper for wheels, 4. 554.
Sycamore fit for wheels, 21. 44.
Clockwork, 18. 441.
Enamelling, 18. 635.
Ship-building, 5. 80.——15. 475.
Pine, a proper wood for the mast of a ship. 16. 592.
Smithery, iron work, etc. The Forge described, 18. 435, 540. Bellows, 435, 482. 540. Hammer, tongs, anvil, 542.

Mixing of metals, *ibid.*
Spinning, 23. 890.
Weaving, 3. 580.—6. 580.
Embroidery, 6. 361.—
Armoury, and instruments of war.
A compleat suit, that of Paris, 3. 410, *etc.* of Agamemnon, 11. 12,—*etc.*
Scale armour, 15. 629.—
Helmets, with four plumes, 5. 919.—
———without any crests, 10. 303.—
———lined with wool, and ornamented with boars teeth, of a particular make, 10. 311.
———linedwithfurr, 10.397.-
Bows, how made, 4. 137.—
Battle-ax, described, 13. 766.
Belts, crossing each other, to hang the sword and the shield, 14. 468.
Corselets, ornamented with sculpture, 11. 33.
———how lined, 4. 165.—
Mace, or club, 7. 170.—15, 816.
Shields, so large as to cover from the neck to the ankles, 6. 145.—How made and covered, 7. 267. described in every particular, 11. 43, *etc.*
Slings, 13. 899.
Spears, with brass points, 8. 617.
Ash fit to make them, 16. 143.—19. 422.
How the wood was joined to the point, 18. 618.
Swords, how ornamented with ivory, gems, 19. 400.

ORATORY.

See the article Speeches in the poetical index.

POLICY.

Kings.] Derive their honour from God, 2. 233.—1. 315. Their names to be honoured, 2. 313. One sole monarch, 2. 243. Hereditary right of kings represented by the sceptre of Agamemnon given by Jove, 2. 129. Kings not to be disobeyed on the one hand, nor to stretch too far their prerogative on the other, 1. 365, *etc.* Kings not absolute in council, 9. 133. Kings made so, only for their excelling others in virtue and valour, 12. 337. Vigilance continually necessary in princes, 2. 27.—10. 101. Against monarchs delighting in war, 9. 82, *etc.*—24. 55. The true valour, that which preserves, not destroys mankind, 5. 196. Kings may do wrong, and are obliged to reparation, 9. 144. Character

of a great prince in war and peace, 3. 236.

Councils.] The danger of a subject's too bold advice, 1. 103. The advantage of wise councils seconded by a wise prince, 9. 101. The use of advice, 9. 137. The singular blessing to a nation and prince, in a good and wise counsellor, 13. 918. The deliberations of the council to be free, the prince only to give a sanction to the best, 9. 133.

Laws.] Derived from God, and legislators his delegates, 1. 315. Committed to the care of kings, as guardians of the laws of God, 9. 129.

Tribute paid to princes from towns, 9. 206.

Taxes upon subjects to assist foreign allies, 17. 266.

Ambassadors, a sacred character, 1. 435.—9. 261.

Voluntiers, listed into service, 11. 904.

See the article Art Military.

PHYSIC.

The praise of a physician, 11. 637.

Chiron learned it from Æsculapius, 4. 251.

Machaon and Podalirius professors of it, 2. 890.

Botany.] Professed by skilful women, Agamede famous for it, 11. 877.

Anatomy.] Of the *head*, 16. 415, *etc.*

The *eye*, 14. 577.

Under the *ear*, a wound there mortal, 13. 841.

The juncture of the *head* and *nerves*, 14. 544.

The juncture of the *neck* and *chest*, the *collar-bone*, and its insertion, the disjointing of which renders the arm useless, 8. 393, *etc.*

The *spinal marrow* expressed by the vein that runs along the chine; a wound there mortal, 13. 692.—20. 559.—

The *elbow*, its tendons and ligaments, 20. 554.

Blood, a great effusion of it, by cutting off the arm; the cause of immediate death, 5. 105.—

The *heart* and its fibres, 16. 590.

The force of the muscle of the heart, 13. 554.

A wound in the bladder by piercing the Ischiatic joint, mortal, 13. 813.

The insertion of the thigh-bone, and its ligaments described, 5. 375.

The wounds of the *Abdomen* mortal, and excessively painful, 13. 718.

The tendons of the ankle, 4. 597.

Chirurgery.] Extraction of darts, 4. 228.
Sucking the blood from the wound, 4. 250.
Infusion of balms into wounds, 4. 250.—5. 1111.
Washing the wound with warm water, and the use of lenitives, 11. 965.
Stanching the blood by the bitter root, 11. 983.
Ligatures of wool, 13. 752.
Use of baths for wounded men, 14. 10.
Sprinkling water to recover from fainting, 14. 509.
Pharmacy and Diaetetics.
The use of wine forbidden, 6. 330.
Cordial potion of Nestor, 11. 782, *etc.*
Infection, falling first on animals, then men, 1. 70. Nine days the crisis of diseases, 1. 71. Fevers and plagues from the dog-star, 5. 1058.—19. 412.—22. 41.

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, *etc.*

See the whole shield of Achilles, and the notes on lib. 18.

The CHARACTERS. Homer distinguishes the character in the figures of Gods superior to those of men, 18. 602.

Characters of majesty.] The majesty of Jupiter, from whence Phidias copied his statue, 1. 683. Of Mars and Neptune, 2. 569.
The majesty of a prince, in the figure of Agamemnon, 2. 564, *etc.* Of a wise man, in Ulysses's aspect, 3. 280. Of an old man, in Nestor and Priam, 1. 330.—24. 600. Of a young hero, in Achilles, 19. 390, *etc.* All variously characterized by Homer.
Characters of beauty.] Alluring beauty in the goddess Venus, 14. 250. Majestic beauty in Juno, 14. 216. Beauty of a *woman* in Helen, 3. 205. Beauty of a *young man* in Paris, 3. 26. Euphorbus, 17. 53, *etc.* Beauty of a *fine infant* in Astyanax, 6. 497.
Beauties of the parts of the body.] Largeness and majesty of the eyes in Juno's. Blackness, in those of Chryseis. Blue, in Minerva's, *etc.* Eye-brows, black, graceful, 1. 683. The beauty of the cheeks, and the fairness of hair, in the epithets of Helen. Whiteness of the arms in those of Juno. Fingers rather red than pale, in the epithet of *rosy fingered* to Aurora. Whiteness of the feet in that

of *silver-footed* to Thetis, etc. Colour of the skin to be painted differently according to the condition of the personages, applied to the whiteness of the thigh of Menelaus, 4. 275.

Character of Deformity.] The opposites to beauty in the several parts, considered in the figure of Thersites, 2. 263, *etc.*

For pictures of particular things, see the article Images *in the* POETICAL INDEX.

History, landskip-painting, animals, etc. in the buckler of Achilles, 18. at large.

The design of a goblet in *sculpture*, 11. 775.

Sculpture of a corselet, 11. 33. *etc.* Of a bowl, 23. Horses carved on monuments, 17. 495.

Enamelling, and *Inlaying*, in the buckler of Achilles, 18. 635, 655. and breast-plate of Agamemnon, 11. 35.

Tapestry, or weaving histories, flowers, *etc.* 3. 171.—6. 580.—22. 569.—

Embroidery of garments, 6. 360.

POETRY.

See the intire INDEX.

THEOLOGY.

A View of HOMER'S Theology.

JUPITER, *or the* Supreme Being.

Superior to all powers of heaven, 7. 244.—8. 10, *etc.* Enjoying himself in the contemplation of his glory and power, 11. 107. Self-sufficient, and above all second causes, or inferior deities, 1. 647. The other deities resort to him as their sovereign appeal, 5. 1065.—21. 590. His will is fate, 8. 10. His sole will the cause of all human events, 1. 8. His will takes certain and instant effect, 1. 685. his will immutable and always just, 1. 730. All-seeing, 8. 65.—2. 4.—Supreme above all, and sole-sufficient, 11. 107. The sole governor and fate of all things, 2. 147.—16. 845. Disposer of all the glories and success of men, 17. 198. Fore-seeing all things, 17. 228. The giver of victory, 7. 118. Dis-

poser of all human affairs, 9. 32. His least regard, or thought, restores mankind, 15. 274. or turns the fate of armies, 17. 675. Dispenser of all the good and evil that befalls mankind, 24. 663. His favour superior to all human means, 9. 152. His counsel unsearchable, 1. 705. Themis or justice is his messenger, 20. 5. God prospers those who worship him, 1. 290. Constantly punishes the wicked, though late, 4. 194. The avenger of injustice, 4. 201. Nothing so terrible as his wrath, 5. 227. His divine justice sometimes punishes whole nations by general calamities, 16. 468. Children punished for the sins of their parents, 11. 166. and 16. 393.

The inferior DEITIES.

Have different offices under God: some preside over elements, 18. 46.—23. 240.

Some over cities and countries, 4. 75.—

Some over woods, springs, *etc.* 20. 12.

They have a subordinate power over one another. Inferior deities or angels subject to pain, imprisonment, 5. 475, 1090. Threatened by Jupiter to be cast into Tartarus, 8. 15. Are supposed to converse in a language different from that of mortals, 2. 985.—Subsist not by material food, 5. 4. Compassionate mankind, 8. 42.—24. 412. Able to assist mortals at any distance, 16. 633. Regard and take care of those who serve them, even to their remains after death, 24. 520. No resisting heavenly powers, 5. 495. The meanness and vileness of all earthly creatures in comparison of the divine natures, 5. 535.

Prayer recommended on all enterprizes, *throughout the poem.*

Prayers intercede at the throne of heaven, 9. 624.

Opinions of the ancients concerning *hell*, the place of punishment for the wicked after death, 8. 15.—19. 271.

Opinions of the ancients concerning the state of separate *spirits*, 23. 89, *etc.* 120. *etc.*

F I N I S.